THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Volume 172, No. 52 — Philadelphia, June 23, 1900 — 5 Cents the Copy; $2.50 the Year

Copyright, 1900, by The Curtis Publishing Company

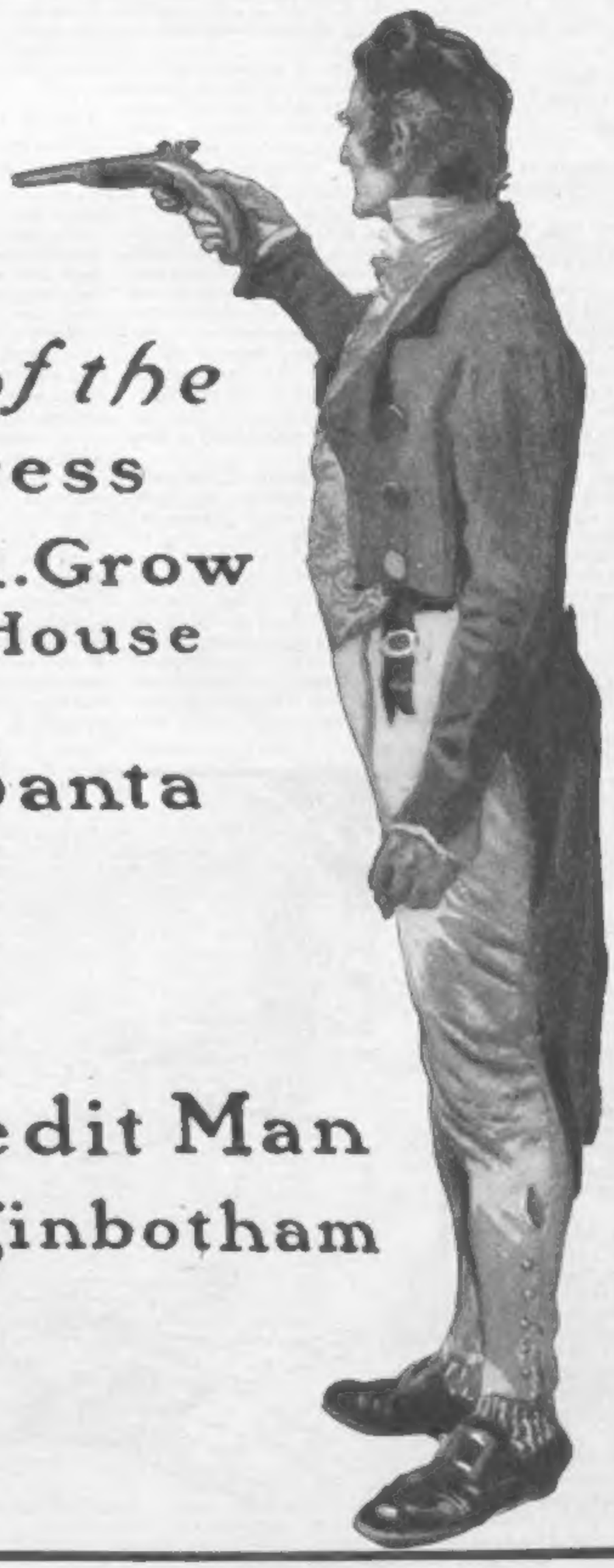
PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 420 ARCH STREET

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

The Last Days *of the* Duello *in* Congress
By Hon. Galusha A. Grow
Ex-Speaker *of the* House

A Widow *of the* Santa Ana Valley
By Bret Harte

Tales of the Credit Man
By Harlow N. Higinbotham



The Last Days of the Duello in Congress

By Galusha A. Grow

THE popular branch of Congress has always been a more or less turbulent body, and it would be a matter of surprise if such were not the case. Indeed, occasional outbreaks in Congress, however much they are to be deprecated, are perfectly natural. Crowd some hundreds of men together on a hot afternoon or night; fill them with the fire of partisan ardor; perplex them with doubt as to the personal gain or loss that may follow their vote on the question at issue; and instil them with envy of and ill-will toward their fellows, and you have abundant material for a row. All that is needed is an excuse, and that is too often found.

In these latter times quarrels on the floor of Congress usually end in words, but during the earlier decades of the century resort was frequently had to the code, and duelling was not uncommon among public men outside of Congress.

The encounter in which Alexander Hamilton was killed by Aaron Burr remains a lamentable and striking example of the purely political duel. Jackson, Benton, Clay, Randolph and many other prominent political leaders were participants in one or more duels before they reached middle age. Bladensburg, about three miles from Washington, was long a noted duelling ground. There occurred the meeting in which Commodore Stephen Decatur received a mortal wound at the hands of Captain James Barron, a fellow-officer, and there took place the fatal encounter between Jonathan Cilley, of New Hampshire, and William J. Graves, of Kentucky, both members of the House of Representatives.

The Fatal Duel Between Cilley and Graves

Cilley, a Democrat, in a speech on the floor of the House, charged James Watson Webb, the Whig editor of the New York Courier and Inquirer, with having accepted a bribe from the managers of the Bank of the United States. Webb without delay appeared in Washington, and sent Cilley a challenge by the hand of Graves. Cilley declined to accept the challenge on the ground that Webb was not a gentleman. Thereupon Graves, accepting the stigmatization of Webb as a personal affront, offered himself in his principal's place. This challenge was accepted, rifles were named as the weapons, and Cilley fell at the second fire. The Cilley duel aroused the public sentiment to a more intense and widespread excitement than had any such previous encounter, because of its political character and because it grew out of a discussion on the floor of Congress. One of the principal themes of discussion in the Presidential campaign of 1844 was this duel, for Clay, Wise and other Whig leaders participated more or less in its preliminaries.

For some years after Cilley's death appeals to the code were not so common as they had been formerly, especially among the members of either branch of Congress. However, the combative spirit that animated the old duello was to some extent revived by the intense political excitement that, during the decade from 1850 to 1860, attended the legislation of Congress and the crisis of the irrepressible conflict between free and slave labor institutions which culminated at Appomattox. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise and the struggle over the admission of Kansas as a free State were marked by a greater intensity of feeling than had been developed at any previous clash between these two civilizations; and its white heat dissolved political and religious ties, and dismembered the old associations of party organization and of church unity between the sections.

Moreover, during that period of acute and ever-growing sectional disagreement there was always a class of men in the House from the South who, adepts in the use of the pistol, sought to make a reputation with their constituents by pitting themselves against members from the Northern States, where single combats were not only in violation of the law, but were sternly discountenanced by public opinion. An easy method of gaining prominence, it did not always serve its purpose, and frequently these gentlemen ran against Northern members of firmness and bravery, prompt to repel an affront, and prepared to meet an antagonist in any way.

Now and then the Southerners quarreled amongst themselves. In the thirty-second Congress, which began in December, 1851, Albert G. Brown, afterward Senator, and John A. Wilcox were members of the House, from Mississippi. One day in March, 1852, the House being in committee of the whole on the state of the Union, Wilcox referred to a recent speech of Brown's in which the latter had stated there was "no party in favor of disunion or secession in Mississippi or in the United States."

"I thought," said Wilcox, "that the gentleman had too high a regard for truth to make a statement so baseless of truth."

"To prevent all misapprehension," Brown interrupted, "I desire to ask my colleague if he means to say that I have been guilty of falsehood? For that inference might be left upon the minds of some by his language."

"I have spoken explicitly enough," said Wilcox. "My language will bear no misconstruction. None whatever."

"Do you mean to say," persisted Brown, "that what I have said is false?"

"If you say," was Wilcox's rejoinder, "that there is no party in Mississippi in favor of secession or disunion you say what is false."

Here Brown, who was standing near Wilcox, struck him in the face. The blow was returned, and instantly the two men were engaged in a rough-and-tumble fight. The committee at once arose and the Speaker, resuming the chair, ordered the Sergeant-at-Arms to arrest the parties.

As soon as order was restored, Brown, asking unanimous consent, "in justice to himself and the House," to make an explanation, apologized for violating its order and decorum. Wilcox followed with a like apology, and there the matter ended.

A Spark Blown Before the Coming Blaze

The next collision on the floor, which promised a hostile meeting outside of the House, was also provoked by the burning question which then commanded the attention of Congress to the exclusion of all others. The parties to it were Francis B. Cutting, of New York, and John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky. Cutting was a splendid speaker and one of the first lawyers of the New York bar, a man of wit and courage, and keenly sensitive to any imputation on his honor. Breckinridge, who sprang from one of the oldest and most celebrated families of Kentucky, had much the same mental and moral makeup. One day in March, 1854, in a debate on the Kansas-Nebraska bill, Cutting, referring to Breckinridge's action on the House and Senate bill, said, "he retreats, and escapes and skulks behind the Senate bill."

"I will ask the gentleman," Breckinridge interjected, "to withdraw that last word."

"I withdraw nothing that I have uttered," was Cutting's response.

"If the gentleman," answered Breckinridge, "says I skulk, he says what is false and he knows it."

"I do not, sir, upon this floor," was Cutting's reply, "answer remarks such as the member from Kentucky has just made. It belongs to a different arena."

After the adjournment of the House, Cutting sent Breckinridge a challenge which he accepted and named rifles as the weapons. Friends intervened to effect an amicable settlement, but not till Breckinridge had spent a week or more in unknown retirement at Silver Spring, the house of Francis P. Blair, senior, five miles out of Washington, in preparation for the encounter. The friendship which the elder Blair showed to the Kentuckian at this time was remembered ten years afterward, when General Early and Breckinridge halted their army for the night at Silver Spring, on their way to attack Washington. They burned to the ground the house of Montgomery Blair, Postmaster-General under Lincoln, but they spared that of his father, although their men drank all the wines and ate all the good things they found, celebrating in advance the sure victory of the morrow, which their tarry for the night turned into defeat.

Cilley fell at the second fire

The Sequel to the Assault upon Sumner

Brooks' assault on Sumner has been dealt with so often that the story of it need not be retold in this place. Inexcusable, if not wholly unprovoked, it filled the North with horror and indignation. In the Senate, Henry Wilson denounced it as "brutal, murderous and cowardly." For this language Brooks sent him a challenge by the hand of General Joseph Lane, of Oregon. Wilson's prompt reply deserves to be recalled, if only for the benefit of readers of a later generation.

> "I characterized on the floor of the Senate," he wrote to Brooks, "the assault upon my colleague as brutal, murderous and cowardly. I thought so then; I think so now. I have no qualifications whatever to make in regard to those words. I have never entertained or expressed, in the Senate or elsewhere, the idea of personal responsibility in the sense of the duellist. I have always regarded duelling as the lingering relic of a barbarous civilization, which the law of the country has branded as a crime. While, therefore, I religiously believe in the right of self-defense in its broadest sense, the law of my country and the mature civilization of my whole life alike forbid me to meet you for the purpose indicated in your letter."

The challenge to Wilson, whom "religious belief in the right of self-defense" probably saved from further annoyance, was not the only one issued by Brooks. In the House a few weeks later, Anson Burlingame, of Massachusetts, made a speech on the slavery question, and devoted the latter part of it to Brooks' assault.

"On the twenty-second of May," said he, "the Senator from Massachusetts sat in the silence of the Senate chamber, when a member of the House, who had taken an oath to sustain the Constitution, stole into the Senate, that place which has hitherto been sacred against violence, and smote him as Cain smote his brother."

"That is false," answered Lawrence M. Keitt, of South Carolina, from his seat.

"I will not bandy epithets with the gentleman," rejoined Burlingame; "I am responsible for my own language; doubtless he is responsible for his."

"I am," was Keitt's response.

Brooks at once challenged Burlingame, but this time he encountered a Northern man ready to fight him in his own way. Burlingame sturdily refused to retract or modify his language, and promptly accepted a call to the field. The arrangement of details was referred by him to Lewis D. Campbell, of Ohio, who selected the rifle as a weapon, and for the meeting a place near the Clifton House, on the Canada side of Niagara Falls. Brooks, however, declined to go to Canada, for the alleged reason that he would not be safe from violence during the journey through the free States. The affair thus ended.

The Debate on Buchanan's Kansas Message

On the second of February, 1858, President Buchanan sent a message to Congress recommending the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton constitution, which was an exact copy of that of Missouri, changing merely the name of the State. It was moved to refer the message to a special committee of fifteen. This gave rise to a heated session lasting all night. Having been chairman of the Committee on Territories in the previous Congress, I was asked to take charge of the anti-Lecompton forces which sought to secure a vote on the motion referred to. Toward three o'clock in the morning I crossed to the Democratic side to consult with John Hickman, a Douglas Democrat from Pennsylvania. Just then John A. Quitman, of Mississippi, arose and asked consent to make a few remarks. We did not want talk but to keep on voting, and I promptly objected to Quitman's proposal.

"If you are going to object," shouted Lawrence M. Keitt who was sitting near, "return to your own side of the House. You have no business over here, anyway."

"This is a free hall," I responded, "and everybody has a right to be where he pleases."

At that Keitt, whose seat was in the second aisle from me, sprang to his feet, strode down into the area, and advanced up the aisle in which I was standing, closely followed by Reuben Davis, of Mississippi.

"I want to know," demanded Keitt, "what you meant by such an answer as that."

"I mean just what I said," I replied; "this is a free hall, and everybody has the right to be where he pleases."

"Sir," said Keitt, attempting to seize me by the throat, "you are a d——d, black, Republican puppy!"

"Never mind what I am," I retorted, knocking up his hand. "No negro-driver shall crack his whip over me."

Keitt again attempted to grasp me by the throat; I struck out from the shoulder and he fell to the floor. In an instant John F. Potter, of Wisconsin, closely followed by Elihu Washburn, of Illinois, and a number of others who were standing in the area in front of the Speaker's desk, came rushing up the aisle, Potter striking right and left. As he reached me he hit Davis with one hand, and Barksdale, who had hold of me—in no angry mood but in way of friendly restraint—with the other. Barksdale, not knowing where the blow came from, turned to Elihu Washburn and asked if the latter had struck him. Washburn replied that he had not.

"You are a liar," said Barksdale, and letting go of me caught hold of Washburn. Cadwalader Washburn, coming up just then and seeing Barksdale and his brother in a clinch, struck out for Barksdale and hit him a glancing blow on the forehead which knocked off his wig. Barksdale, picking it up, put it on backside first, which gave him such a grotesque appearance that everybody near by broke out into a loud guffaw. Meantime, the Speaker had called upon the Sergeant-at-Arms to restore order. The rush of members into the aisle had prevented Keitt from immediately regaining his feet, but as soon as he did the Sergeant-at-Arms led him out to the door opening into the corridor in the rear of the Speaker's desk. Then the combatants, still laughing at the ludicrous spectacle presented by Barksdale, drew off one by one, and quiet was restored.

Before that, however, many blows had been given and taken, with much pulling and hauling. Lovejoy, of Illinois, and Lamar, of Mississippi, were pawing each other in the area, each seeking to persuade the other to be still. Mott, a gray-haired Quaker from Ohio, was seen in the mêlée, his hand bleeding, but he afterward declared that he intervened in the interests of peace. Covode, of Pennsylvania, grabbed

a heavy stone spittoon sitting by his desk and marched down the broad aisle into the area in front of the Speaker. In the end he placed the cuspidore on a desk and returned to his seat, but, his attention being called to it, he took it back to his seat. Questioned later as to his purpose he said he thought that some one might draw a "weepin," and if so he intended to "spot" him.

Lawrence Keitt's Public Apology to the House

The session continued till six o'clock Saturday morning, when a motion to adjourn to the following Monday was made and carried. On Monday, Keitt apologized to the House. I followed in a few words to the effect that I regretted what had occurred, and that good order should prevail in all parliamentary bodies, but that I recognized the right of self-defense as "one of man's inalienable rights to be exercised on all occasions and under all circumstances where it is necessary to protect life and person."

During the next session of Congress the Senate amended the Post-Office Appropriation bill, which had originated in the House, by increasing the rate of postage. When the bill was returned to the House I rose to a point of privilege, that, under the Constitution, the Senate could not originate a revenue bill; and, as they could not do that, they could not put a revenue measure as an amendment to a bill to which it was not germane.

I then offered a resolution in these words:

"Resolved, That the House bill making appropriations for defraying the expenses of the Post-Office Department for the year ending June 30, 1860, with the Senate amendments thereto, be returned to the Senate, as section thirteen of said amendments is in the nature of a revenue bill."

— hit him a glancing blow on the forehead which knocked off his wig

The House supported my motion; the Senate, after repeated conferences, refused to leave out the amendment in question, and as a consequence the bill failed of passage. At the time no attempt was made to give the affair a partisan bias, but soon after Congress reconvened in December, 1859, Lawrence O'Brien Branch, a member of the House from North Carolina, who had been one of the conferees with me in the House and Senate disagreements on the bill, declared in debate that my real object in sending it back to the Senate had been to defeat it in order that the President might be compelled to call an extra session of Congress, and, as the Republicans had made important gains in the late election, and as I had been the Republican caucus candidate for Speaker in the preceding Congress, an early control of the organization of the House would be to my advantage.

When I obtained the floor, after reciting all of the circumstances connected with the defeat of the Post-Office bill, I said that if the gentleman from North Carolina had been as familiar with constitutional law and parliamentary precedents as his long experience in legislation would have led one to suppose, he could have found sufficient reasons to justify my conduct and that of a majority of the House without violating the parliamentary and gentlemanly courtesies recognized in all deliberative bodies by impugning the motives of his peers, and charging sordid and selfish considerations as the springs of our action. Branch demanded if he was to understand my language as imputing to him conduct that was ungentlemanly. I answered that he had impugned my motives of action, and that the impugnment of motives in a legislative body was everywhere regarded not only as unparliamentary, but as ungentlemanly under parliamentary practice and law.

The Imbroglio Over the Post-Office Bill

"The gentleman," said Branch, "has not responded to my inquiry, and I shall take his failure to respond as an affirmative answer."

"The gentleman," was my rejoinder, "can take just what he pleases."

"I will do so," said Branch.

During the session of the House next day, December 30, Governor Winslow, a member from North Carolina, handed me a challenge from Branch. It was dated December 29, and ran as follows:

> "Sir: Will you please name a time and place outside of the District of Columbia in which you will receive from me a communication in writing? L. O'B. BRANCH."

I read the note and informed Winslow that I would give him an answer in due time. That evening, after consulting with some of my friends, I sent this reply by the hand of Reuben E. Fenton:

> "Sir: Your note of the twenty-ninth instant was placed in my hands by your friend, Governor Winslow, at twelve o'clock to-day. I know of nothing that makes it necessary for me to name a time and place outside the District of Columbia to receive from you a communication in writing. Your note was doubtless—as nothing else has occurred between us—based upon remarks made by me in debate in the House of Representatives in reply to your speech impugning my motives and the integrity of my acts as a legislator. On that occasion I used no language in violation of parliamentary law, and none not warranted by your remarks thus impugning my conduct. If your note is to be considered of a hostile character I have this to reply: Regarding dueling as at variance with the precepts of the Christian religion and the sentiments of a Christian people, and it being prohibited and declared a crime by the laws enacted by the body of which we are members, I cannot recognize it as a justifiable method of settling difficulties among men, even in cases of unwarranted provocation. But my personal rights and the freedom of debate guaranteed by the Constitution I shall defend whenever and wherever they are assailed.
>
> "GALUSHA A. GROW."

The following day Branch published his letter and my reply in a Washington newspaper, supplementing them with the statement that he left the "whole matter to the impartial judgment of honorable men of all sections of the country." At the same time both of us were arrested and placed under bonds to keep the peace. Under the code, had Branch wished to continue the quarrel, it was his privilege to attack me on sight. Expecting such an assault from Branch, backed by some of his friends, John F. Potter the next day kept me company to and from the Capitol, but I was never molested in any way.

While the affair just referred to occurred the House was occupied with a contest for the Speakership. This contest was marked by many exciting incidents. The most memorable of these had its origin in the bitter and violent attacks made by some of the Southerners upon such of their fellow-members as had recommended, on the suggestion of Francis P. Blair, Sr., the compiling of a pamphlet containing statements as to the material resources and industries of the South compared with the North as set forth in Helper's Impending Crisis, a lately published book embodying a novel and impressive analysis of the economic disadvantages of slavery. During the Speakership contest the Republicans refrained from speech-making, but after it was ended, Owen Lovejoy, of Illinois, took the floor to reply to these Southern speeches. His speech was an argument against slavery, and never was there a more violent one.

"The principle of enslaving human beings because they are inferior is," he asserted, "the doctrine of the other side, and the doctrine of devils as well; and there is no place in the universe outside of the five points of hell where the practice and prevalence of such doctrines would not be a disgrace."

As Lovejoy spoke, in his vehemence of delivery, he advanced into the area and occupied the space fronting the Democratic seats. Angered at this action, Roger A. Pryor, of Virginia, who, with Barksdale, was sitting at the front of the Democratic side, arose, and with gestures full of menace exclaimed:

"The gentleman from Illinois shall not approach this side of the House, shaking his fists and talking as he has talked. It is bad enough to be compelled to sit here and hear him utter his treasonable and insulting language; but he shall not come on this side of the House, shaking his fist in our faces."

The Virginian had not to deal with Lovejoy alone. Potter, of Wisconsin, was instantly on his feet, and shouted:

"We listened to gentlemen on the other side for eight weeks, when they denounced the members upon this side with violent and offensive language. We listened to them quietly and heard them through. And now, sir, this side shall be heard, let the consequences be what they may."

"I make the point of order," replied Pryor, "that the gentleman shall speak from his seat; but, sir, he shall not come upon this side shaking his fist in our faces and talking in the style he has talked."

"You are doing the same thing," retorted Potter.

By this time thirty or forty members were on their feet shouting and gesticulating, while above the din could be heard the voice of Potter, declaring:

"I do not believe that side of the House can say where a member shall speak, and they shall not say it."

Order being restored, Lovejoy proceeded with his speech, the dispute as to where he should speak being settled by his taking the clerk's desk.

The Issue of the Last Challenge in Congress

Some days afterward, the publication of the Globe having been delayed, Pryor arose to a personal explanation. Potter was reported in the Globe as saying "this side shall be heard, let the consequences be what they may." Pryor complained that these words had been inserted in the report by Potter, though not used by him in the debate. This charge was denied by Potter, who explained that he had inserted the words in the official report because, though he had used them, they had accidentally been omitted by the reporter.

"The member from Virginia," he added, "erased those words, and he had no right to do it. I would have cut my right hand off before I would have done it. It was none of the gentleman's business, and he had no right to take the liberty of amending it. I stand by what I said."

"The gentleman stands by his language," rejoined Pryor, "I am very glad to hear it. I understand him then to give me the liberty of construing his remark as I please. I will put what construction upon it I please, and whether he stands by it or not the sequel will demonstrate."

"Let it demonstrate," was Potter's reply.

Mr. Brooks-ridge had spent a week or more in preparation for the encounter

Pryor had changed the record, but was not aware that the Government printer would not send the copy to press until it had the indorsement of the member who had spoken the words concerned in the expurgation or change. Potter was, therefore, correct in the facts when he said that a change had been made, and he was within his privilege when he made them appear in print as he claimed to have spoken them.

Pryor, through seconds he had chosen, sent Potter a peremptory challenge. This challenge was considered the same night at the rooms of John W. Forney on Pennsylvania Avenue, opposite Willard's Hotel. That gentleman, Colonels E. F. Beale and F. W. Lander, Potter and myself were present at the conference. "It is for Potter," began Forney, "to consider what is to be done."

"Dueling is a barbarous custom," was Potter's reply; "but this is an attempt to suppress free speech in Congress. I am going to accept the challenge."

"Take bowie-knives, and I'll show you how to use one," said Beale, leaping from his chair and drawing a bowie-knife from his boot-leg.

Beale's suggestion was adopted without discussion, and Lander, as Potter's second, drew up a formal note of acceptance, after which the parties to the conference separated. Lander and I were then stopping at the National and kept each other company in the walk to the hotel.

"I'll tell you what I am going to do," said Lander, "but don't let Potter know; he might not allow me to do it if he knew about it. Pryor's seconds will refuse to allow him to fight on the ground that the bowie-knife is a barbarous weapon. My principal being denounced by implication as a barbarian, I will then, following the precedent established in the Graves-Cilley duel, challenge Pryor myself, and they may select any weapons from broadswords to cannon."

Lander's forecast proved correct. Pryor's seconds when he delivered Potter's reply, promptly declared that "not recognizing this barbarous mode of settling difficulties," they could not allow their principal to engage in it. Thereupon Lander challenged Pryor and selected Beale for his second, but answer was made that, as neither Pryor nor his seconds had any quarrel with him, they could not accept his "courteous offer." On the following day Pryor returned from Virginia, where he had gone to escape arrest. It was said afterward that he repudiated the action of his seconds and would have fought with bowie-knives.

Pryor suffered from the outcome of his challenge mainly because it was believed that he had refused to fight with bowie-knives when the code prescribed that the sender of a peremptory challenge must accept whatever weapons might be named by the challenged party. Potter, on the other hand, gained from it wide popularity. In the North he was the hero of the hour, and, at the Chicago Convention of 1860, the Republicans of Missouri presented him with a bowie-knife seven feet in length. On one side of the blade was the inscription, "Presented to John F. Potter by the Republicans of Missouri," and on the other appeared the words, "Will always meet a 'Pryor' engagement."

Pryor's challenge to Potter was the last sent by one member of Congress to another. The duello in Congress ended with the opening of the Rebellion.

— drawing a bowie-knife from his boot-leg

A Widow of the Santa Ana Valley

By Bret Harte

Copyright, 1900, by The Curtis Publishing Company. Copyright in Great Britain

As she was turning away from the window a horseman appeared

THE Widow Wade was standing at her bedroom window, staring out in that vague instinct which compels humanity in moments of doubt and perplexity to seek this change of observation for superior illumination. Not that Mrs. Wade's disturbance was of a serious character. She had passed the acute stage of widowhood by at least two years, and the slight redness of her soft eyelids as well as the droop of her pretty mouth were merely the recognized outward and visible signs of the grievously minded religious community in which she lived. The mourning she still wore was also partly in conformity with the sad-colored garments of her neighbors and the necessities of the rainy season. She was in comfortable circumstances, the mistress of a large ranch in the valley, which had lately become more valuable by the extension of a wagon road through its centre. She was simply worrying whether she should go to a "sociable," ending with a "dance"—a daring innovation of some strangers—at the new hotel, or continue to eschew such follies that were, according to local belief, unsuited to "a vale of tears."

Indeed, at this moment the prospect she gazed abstractedly upon seemed to justify that lugubrious description. The Santa Ana Valley—a long, monotonous level—was dimly visible through moving curtains of rain or veils of mist to the black mourning edge of the horizon, and had looked like that for months. The valley—in some remote epoch an arm of the San Francisco Bay—every rainy season seemed to be trying to revert to its original condition, and long after the early spring had laid on its liberal color in strips, bands and patches of blue and yellow, the blossoms of mustard and lupin glistened like wet paint. Nevertheless, on that rich alluvial soil Nature's tears seemed only to fatten the widow's acres and increase her crops. Her neighbors, too, were equally prosperous. Yet for six months of the year the recognized expression of Santa Ana was one of sadness, and for the other six months—of resignation. Mrs. Wade had yielded early to this influence, as she had to others, in the weakness of her gentle nature, and partly as it was more becoming to the singular tragedy that had made her a widow.

For the late Mr. Wade had been found dead with a bullet through his head in a secluded part of the road over Heavy Tree Hill, in Sonora County. Near him lay two other bodies, one afterward identified as John Stubbs—a resident of the hill, and probably a traveling companion of Wade's—and the other a noted desperado and highwayman, still masked, as at the moment of the attack. Wade and his companion had probably sold their lives dearly and against odds, for another mask was found on the ground, indicating that the attack was not single-handed, and as Wade's body had not yet been rifled, it was evident that the remaining highwayman had fled in haste. The hue and cry had been given by apparently the only one of the travelers who escaped, but, as he was hastening to take the overland coach to the East at the time, his testimony could not be submitted to the Coroner's deliberation. The facts, however, were sufficiently plain for a verdict of willful murder against the highwayman, although it was believed that the absent witness had basely deserted his companion and left him to his fate, or, as it was suggested by others, that he might even have been an accomplice. It was this circumstance which protracted comment on the incident and the sufferings of the widow far beyond that rapid obliteration which usually overtook such affairs in the feverish haste of the early days. It caused her to remove to Santa Ana, where her old father had feebly ranched "a quarter-section" in the valley. He survived her husband only a few months, leaving her the property and once more in mourning. Perhaps this continuity of woe endeared her to a neighborhood where distinctive ravages of diphtheria or scarlet fever gave a kind of social preeminence to any household, and she was assisted so sympathetically by her neighbors in the management of the ranch that, from an unkempt and wasteful wilderness, it became paying property. The slim, willowy figure, soft, red-lidded eyes and deep crêpe of "Sister Wade" at church or prayer-meeting were grateful to the soul of these gloomy worshipers, and in time she herself found that the arm of these dyspeptics of mind and body was nevertheless strong and sustaining. Small wonder that she should hesitate to-night about plunging into inconsistent, even though trifling, frivolities.

But apart from this superficial reason there was another instinctive one deep down in the recesses of Mrs. Wade's timid heart which she had secretly kept to herself, and, indeed, would have tearfully resented had it been offered by another. The late Mr. Wade had been, in fact, a singular example of an idle, frivolous existence carried to a manlike excess. Besides being a patron of amusements, Mr. Wade gambled, raced and drank. He was often home late, and sometimes not at all. Not that this conduct was exceptional in the "roaring days" of Heavy Tree Hill, but it had given Mrs. Wade, perhaps, an undue preference for a less uncertain, if even a more serious life. His tragic death was of course a kind of martyrdom which exalted him in the feminine mind to a saintly memory, yet Mrs. Wade was not without a certain relief in that. It was voiced, perhaps crudely, by the widow of Abner Drake in a visit of condolence to the tearful Mrs. Wade a few days after Wade's death. "It's a vale o' sorrow, Mrs. Wade," said the sympathizer, "but it has its ups and downs, and I reckon ye'll be feelin' soon pretty much as I did about Abner when *he* was took. It was mighty soothin' and comfortin' to feel that whatever might happen now I always knew jist whar Abner was passin' his nights." Poor slim Mrs. Wade had no disquieting sense of humor to interfere with her reception of this large truth, and she accepted it with a burst of reminiscent tears.

A long volleying shower had just passed down the level landscape and was followed by a rolling mist from the warm, saturated soil like the smoke of the discharge. Through it she could see a faint lightening of the hidden sun, again darkening through a sudden onset of rain, and changing, as with her conflicting doubts and resolutions. Thus gazing, she was vaguely conscious of an addition to the landscape in the shape of a man who was passing down the road with a pack on his back like the tramping "prospectors" she had often seen at Heavy Tree Hill. That memory apparently settled her vacillating mind; she determined she would not go to the dance. But as she was turning away from the window, a second figure, a horseman, appeared in another direction by a cross road, a shorter cut through her domain. This she had no difficulty in recognizing as one of the strangers who were getting up the dance. She had noticed him at church on the previous Sunday. As he passed the house he appeared to be gazing at it so earnestly that she drew back from the window lest she should be seen. And then, for no reason whatever, she changed her mind once more and resolved to go to the dance. Gravely announcing this fact to the wife of her superintendent, who kept house with her in her loneliness, she thought nothing more about it. She would go in her mourning, with perhaps the addition of a white collar and frill.

It was evident, however, that Santa Ana thought a good deal more than she did of this new idea, which seemed a part of the innovation already begun by the building of the new hotel. It was argued by some that as the new church and new schoolhouse had been opened with prayer, it was only natural that a lighter festivity should inaugurate the opening of the hotel. "I reckon that dancin' is about the next thing to travelin' for gettin' up an appetite for refreshments, and that's what the landlord is kalkilatin' to sarve," was the remark of a gloomy but practical citizen on the veranda of The Valley Emporium. "That's so," rejoined a bystander, "and I notice on that last box o' pills I got for chills, the directions say that a little 'agreeable exercise'—not too violent—is a great assistance to the working o' the pills."

"I reckon that Mr. Brooks, who's down here lookin' arter mill property, got up the dance. He's been 'round town canvassin' all the women folks and drummin' up likely gels for it. They say he actually sent an invite to the Widder Wade," remarked another lounger. "Gosh! he's got cheek!"

"Well, gentlemen," said the proprietor judicially, "while we don't intend to hev any minin' camp fandangos or 'Frisco falals 'round Santa Any (Santa Ana was proud of its simple agricultural virtues), I ain't so hard-shelled as not to give new things a fair trial. And, after all, it's the women folk that has the say about it. Why, there's old Miss Ford sez she hasn't kicked a leet sence she left Mizoori, but wouldn't mind tryin' it ag'in. Ez to Brooks takin' that trouble—well, I suppose it's along o' his bein' *healthy!*" He heaved a deep, dyspeptic sigh which was faintly echoed by the others. "Why, look at him now, ridin' 'round on that black hoss o' his, in the wet since daylight, and not carin' for blind chills or rheumatiz!"

He was looking at a serape-draped horseman, the one the widow had seen on the previous night, who was now cantering slowly up the street. Seeing the group on the veranda, he rode up, threw himself lightly from his saddle, and joined them. He was an alert, determined, good-looking fellow of about thirty-five, whose smooth, smiling face hardly commended itself to Santa Ana, though his eyes were distinctly sympathetic. He glanced at the depressed group around him and became ominously serious.

"When did it happen?" he asked gravely.

"What happen?" said the nearest bystander.

"The Funeral, Flood, Fight or Fire. Which of the four F's was it?"

"What are ye talkin' about?" said the proprietor stiffly, scenting some dangerous humor.

"*You*," said Brooks promptly. "You're all standing here croaking like crows this fine morning. I passed *your* farm, Johnson, not an hour ago, the wheat just climbing out of the black adobe mud as thick as rows of pins on paper; what have *you* to grumble at? I saw *your* stock, Briggs, over on Two Mile Bottom, waddling along, fat as the adobe they were sticking in, their coats shining like fresh paint; what's the matter with *you?* And," turning to the proprietor, "there's *your* shed, Saunders, over on the creek, just bursting with last year's grain that you know has gone up two hundred per cent. since you bought it at a bargain; what are *you* growling at? It's enough to provoke a Fire or a Famine to hear you all groaning—and take care it don't some day, as a lesson to you."

All this was so perfectly true of the prosperous burghers that they could not for a moment reply. But Briggs had recourse to what he believed to be a retaliatory taunt. "I heard you've been askin' Widow Wade to come to your dance," he said with a wink at the others. "Of course she said 'Yes!'"

"Of course she did," returned Brooks coolly. "I've just got her note."

"What!" ejaculated the three men together, "Mrs. Wade comin'!"

"Certainly. Why shouldn't she? And it would do *you* good to come, too, and shake the limp dampness out of you," returned Brooks as he quietly remounted his horse and cantered away.

"Darned ef I don't think he's got his eye on the Widder," said Johnson faintly.

"Or the quarter-section," added Briggs gloomily.

For all that, the eventful evening came, with many lights in the staring, undraped windows of the hotel, coldly bright bunting on the still damp walls of the long dining-room, and a gentle downpour from the hidden skies above. A close carryall was especially selected to bring Mrs. Wade and her housekeeper. The widow arrived, looking a little slimmer than usual in her closely buttoned black dress, white collar and cuffs, very glistening in eye and in hair—whose glossy

Mr. Wade had been found dead with a bullet through his head. Near him lay two other bodies

black ringlets were perhaps more elaborately arranged than was her custom—and with a faint coming and going of color, due, perhaps, to her agitation at this tentative reëntering into worldly life, which was nevertheless quite virginal in effect. A vague solemnity pervaded the introductory proceedings, and a singular want of sociability was visible in the "sociable" part of the entertainment. People talked in whispers or with that grave precision which indicates good manners in rural communities; conversed painfully with other people whom they did not want to talk to, rather than appear to be alone, or rushed aimlessly together like water drops, and then floated in broken, adherent masses over the floor. The widow became a hopeless religious centre of deacons and Sunday-school teachers, which Brooks, untiring yet fruitless in his attempt to produce gayety, tried in vain to break. To this gloom the untried dangers of the impending dance duly prefigured by a lonely cottage piano and two violins in a desert of expanse added a nervous chill. When at last the music struck up—somewhat hesitatingly and protestingly, from the circumstance that the player was the church organist and fumbled mechanically for his stops—the attempt to make up a cotillon set was left to the heroic Brooks. Yet he barely escaped disaster when, in posing the couples, he incautiously begged them to look a little less as if they were waiting for the coffin to be borne down the aisle between them, and was rewarded by a burst of tears from Mrs. Johnson, who had lost a child two years before, and who had to be led away, while her place in the set was taken by another. Yet the cotillon passed off; a Spanish dance succeeding "Money Musk" with the Virginia reel put a slight intoxicating vibration into the air, and healthy youth at last asserted itself in a score of freckled but buxom girls in white muslin, with romping figures and laughter at the lower end of the room. Still a rigid decorum reigned among the older dancers, and the figures were called out in grave formality, as if, to Brooks' fancy, they were hymns given from the pulpit, until at the close of the set in half real, half mock despair he turned desperately to Mrs. Wade, his partner:

"Do you waltz?"

Mrs. Wade hesitated. She had, before marriage, and was a good waltzer.

"I do," she said timidly, "but do you think they——"

But before the poor widow could formulate her fears as to the reception of "round dances," Brooks had darted to the piano, and the next moment she heard with a "fearful joy" the opening bars of a waltz. It was an old Julien waltz, fresh still in the fifties, daring, provocative to foot, swamping to intellect, arresting to judgment, irresistible, supreme! Before Mrs. Wade could protest Brooks' arm had gathered up her slim figure, and with one quick, backward sweep and swirl they were off! The floor was cleared for them in a sudden bewilderment of alarm—a suspense of burning curiosity. The widow's little feet tripped quickly, her long black skirt swung out; as she turned the corner there was not only a sudden revelation of her pretty ankles, but, what was more startling, a dazzling flash of frilled and laced petticoat which at once convinced every woman in the room that the act had been premeditated for days! Yet even that criticism was presently forgotten in the pervading intoxication of the music and the movement. The younger people fell into it with wild rompings, whirlings, and claspings of hands and waists. And, stranger than all, a corybantic enthusiasm seized upon the more emotional among their elders, and those priests and priestesses of Cybele who were famous for their frenzy and passion in camp-meetings seemed to find an equal expression that night in the waltz. And when, flushed and panting, Mrs. Wade at last halted on the arm of her partner, they were nearly knocked over by the revolving Johnson and Mrs. Stubbs in a whirl of gloomy exaltation! They all waltzed together until the long room shook, and the very bunting on the walls waved and fluttered with the gyrations of these revolving dervishes. Nobody knew, nobody cared, how long this frenzy lasted—it ceased only with the collapse of the musicians. Then with much vague bewilderment, inward trepidation, awkward and incoherent partings, everybody went dazedly home; there was no other dancing after that—the waltz was the one event of the festival and of the history of Santa Ana. And later that night, when the timid Mrs. Wade, in the seclusion of her own room and the disrobing of her slim figure, glanced at her spotless, frilled and laced petticoat lying on a chair, a faint smile—the first of her widowhood—curved the corners of her pretty mouth.

A week of ominous silence regarding the festival succeeded in Santa Ana. The local paper gave the fullest particulars of the opening of the hotel, but contented itself with saying, "The entertainment concluded with a dance." Mr. Brooks, who felt himself compelled to call upon his late charming partner twice during the week, characteristically soothed her anxieties as to the result.

"The fact of it is, Mrs. Wade, there's really nobody in particular to blame, and that's what gets them! They're all mixed up in it; and when old Johnson tried to be nasty the other evening and hoped you hadn't suffered from your exertions that night, I told him you hadn't quite recovered yet from the physical shock of having been run into by him and Mrs. Stubbs, but that you being a lady, you didn't tell just how you felt at the exhibition he and she made of themselves. That shut him up."

"But you shouldn't have said that," said Mrs. Wade with a frightened little smile.

"No matter," returned Brooks cheerfully, "I'll take the blame of it with the others. You see, they'll have to have a scapegoat, and I'm just the man, for I got up the dance! And as I'm going away I suppose I shall bear off the sin with me in the wilderness."

"You say he positively recognized your husband?" "Yes, yes!" sobbed the widow—"and know that photograph!"

"You're going away," repeated Mrs. Wade in more genuine concern.

"Not for long," returned Brooks laughingly. "I came here to look up a mill site and I've found it. Meantime I think I've opened their eyes."

"You have opened mine," said the widow with timid frankness.

They were soft, pretty eyes when opened, in spite of their heavy red lids, and Mr. Brooks thought that Santa Ana would be no worse if they remained open. Possibly he looked it, for Mrs. Wade said hurriedly: "I mean—that is—I've been thinking that life needn't *always* be as gloomy as we make it here. And even *here*, you know, Mr. Brooks, we have six months sunshine—though we always forget it in the rainy season."

"That's so," said Brooks cheerfully; "I once lost a heap of money through my own foolishness and I've managed to forget it, and I even reckon to get it back again out of Santa Ana if my mill speculation holds good. So good-by, Mrs. Wade—but not for long." He shook her hand and departed, leaving the widow conscious of a certain sympathetic confidence, and a little grateful for—she knew not what.

This feeling remained with her most of the afternoon and even imparted a certain gayety to her spirits, to the extent of causing her to hum softly to herself, the air being, oddly enough, the Julien waltz. And when, later in the day, as the shadows were closing in with the rain, word was brought to her that a stranger wished to see her in the sitting-room, she carried a less mournful mind to this function of her existence. For Mrs. Wade was accustomed to give audience to traveling agents, tradesmen, working-hands and servants as châtelaine of her ranch, and the occasion was not novel. Yet on entering the room, which she used partly as an office, she found some difficulty in classifying the stranger, who at the first glance reminded her of the tramping miner she had seen that night from her window. He was rather incongruously dressed, some articles of his apparel being finer than others; he wore a diamond pin in a scarf folded over a rough "hickory" shirt; his light trousers were tucked in common mining boots that bore stains of travel, and a suggestion that he had slept in his clothes. What she could see of his unshaven face in that uncertain light expressed a kind of dogged concentration, overlaid by an assumption of ease. He got up as she came in, and with a slight "How do, ma'am," shut the door behind her and glanced furtively around the room.

"What I've got to say to ye, Mrs. Wade—as I reckon you be—is strictly private and confidential! Why, ye'll see afore I get through. But I thought I might just as well caution ye ag'in our being disturbed."

Overcoming a slight instinct of repulsion, Mrs. Wade returned: "You can speak to me here; no one will interrupt you—unless I call them," she added with feminine caution.

"And I reckon ye won't do that," he said with a grim smile. "You are the widow o' Pulaski Wade, late o' Heavy Tree Hill, I reckon?"

"I am," said Mrs. Wade.

"And your husband's berried up thar in the graveyard with a monument over him setting forth his virtues ez a Christian and a square man, and a high-minded citizen! And that he was foully murdered by highwaymen?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Wade, "that is the inscription."

"Well, ma'am, a bigger pack o' lies never was cut on stone!"

Mrs. Wade arose, half in indignation, half in vague terror.

"Keep your sittin'," said the stranger with a warning wave of his hand. "Wait till I'm through and then you can call in the hull State o' Californy—*ef* ye want."

The stranger's manner was so doggedly confident that Mrs. Wade sank back tremblingly in her chair. The man put his slouch hat on his knee, twirled it around once or twice, and then said with the same stubborn deliberation: "The highwayman in that business was *your husband*—Pulaski Wade and his gang—and he was killed by one o' the men he was robbin'. Ye see, ma'am, it used to be your husband's little game to rope in three or four strangers in a poker deal at Spanish Jim's saloon—I see you've heard o' the place," he interpolated as Mrs. Wade drew back suddenly—"and when he couldn't clean 'em out in that way, or they showed a little more money than they played, he'd lay for 'em in a lone part o' the trail and go through them like any road agent. That's what he did that night—and that's how he got killed."

"How do you know this?" said Mrs. Wade with quivering lips.

"I was one o' the men he went through before he was killed. And I'd hev got my money back, but the rest o' the gang came up, and I got away jest in time to save my life and nothin' else. Ye might remember thar was one man got away and give the alarm, but he was goin' on to the States by the overland coach that night, and couldn't stay to be a witness. *I* was that man. I had paid my passage through and I couldn't lose *that*, too, with my other money, so I went."

Mrs. Wade sat stunned. She remembered the missing witness and how she had longed to see the man who was last with her husband; she remembered Spanish Jim's saloon—his well-known haunt; his frequent and unaccountable absences; the sudden influx of money which he always said he had won at cards; the diamond ring he had given her as the result of "a bet"; the forgotten recurrences of other robberies by a secret masked gang; a hundred other things that had worried her, instinctively, vaguely. She knew now, too, the meaning of the unrest that had driven her from Heavy Tree Hill—the strange unformulated fears that had haunted her even here. Yet with all this she felt, too, her present weakness—knew that this man had taken her at a disadvantage, that she ought to assert herself indignantly, deny everything—demand proof—and brand him a slanderer!

"How did—you—know it was my husband?" she stammered.

"His mask fell off in the fight; you know another mask was found; it was his. I saw him as plain as I see him there!" He pointed to a daguerreotype of her husband which stood upon her desk.

Mrs. Wade could only stare, vacantly, hopelessly. After a pause the man continued in a less aggressive manner and more confidential tone, which, however, only increased her terror: "I ain't sayin' that *you* knowed anything about this, ma'am, and whatever other folks might say when they know of it, I'll allers say that you didn't."

"What, then, do you come here for?" said the widow desperately.

"What do I come here for?" repeated the man grimly, looking around the room; "what did I come to this yer comfortable home—this yer big ranch and a rich woman like yourself for? Well, Mrs. Wade, I come to get the $600 your

husband robbed me of, that's all! I ain't askin' more! I ain't askin' interest! I ain't askin' compensation for havin' to run for my life, and"—again looking grimly around the walls—"I ain't askin' more than you will give."

"But this house never was his—it was my father's," gasped Mrs. Wade; "you have no right——"

"Mebbe 'yes' and mebbe 'no,' Mrs. Wade," interrupted the man with a wave of his hat, "but how about them two drafts to bearer for two hundred dollars each, found among your husband's effects and collected by your lawyer for you—*my drafts*, Mrs. Wade!"

A wave of dreadful recollection overwhelmed her. She remembered the drafts found upon her husband's body, known only to her and her lawyer, and believed to be gambling gains, and collected at once under his legal advice.

"But you shall have to prove it—before witnesses."

"Do you *want* me to prove it before witnesses?" said the man, coming nearer. "Do you want to take my word and keep it between ourselves, or do you want to call in your superintendent and his men, and all Santa Ana, to hear me prove your husband was a highwayman, thief and murderer? Do you want to knock over that monument on Heavy Tree Hill, and upset your standing here among the deacons and elders? Do you want to do all this, and be forced, even by your neighbors, to pay me in the end as you will? Ef you do, call in your witnesses now and let's have it over."

He made a step toward the door, but she stopped him.

"No! No! Wait! It's a large sum—I haven't it with me," she stammered, thoroughly beaten.

"Ye kin get it."

"Give me time!" she implored. "Look! I'll give you a hundred down now—all I have here—the rest another time!" She nervously opened a drawer of her desk, and taking out a buckskin bag of gold thrust it in his hand. "There! Go away now!" She lifted her thin hand despairingly to her head. "Go! Do!"

The man seemed struck by her manner. "I don't want to be hard on a woman," he said slowly. "I'll go now and come back again at nine to-night. You can git the money—or what's as good, a check to bearer—by then. And ef ye'll take my advice you won't ask no advice from others, ef you want to keep your secret. Jest now it's safe with me; I'm a square man—ef I seem to be a hard one." He made a gesture as if to take her hand, but, as she drew shrinkingly away, he changed it to an awkward bow, and the next moment he was gone.

She started to her feet, but the unwonted strain upon her nerves and frail body had been greater than she knew. She made a step forward, felt the room whirl around her and then seem to collapse beneath her feet, and, clutching at her chair, sank back into it, fainting.

How long she lay there she never knew. She was at last conscious of some one bending over her, and a voice—the voice of Mr. Brooks—in her ear, saying: "I beg your pardon—you seem ill. Shall I call some one?"

"No!" she gasped, quickly recovering herself with an effort. "Where is—when did you come in?"

"Only this moment. I was leaving to-night, sooner than I expected, and thought I'd say good-by. They told me that you had been engaged with a stranger. I beg your pardon—I see you are ill. I won't detain you any longer."

"No! No! Don't go! I am better—better," she said feverishly. As she glanced at his strong and sympathetic face a wild idea seized her. He was a stranger here, an alien to these people, like herself. The advice that she dared not seek from others, from her half-estranged religious friends, from even her superintendent and his wife, dare she ask from him? Perhaps he saw this frightened doubt, this imploring appeal, in her eyes, for he said gently: "Is it anything I can do for you?"

"Yes," she said with the sudden desperation of weakness, "I want you to keep a secret!"

"Yours—yes!" he said promptly.

Whereat poor Mrs. Wade instantly burst into tears. Then amidst her sobs she told him of the stranger's visit, of his terrible accusations, of his demands—his expected return and her own utter helplessness. To her terror, as she went on she saw a singular change in his kind face; he was following her with hard, eager intensity. She had half hoped, even through her fateful instincts, that he might have laughed, manlike, at her fears. But he did not.

"You say he positively recognized your husband?"

"Yes, yes!" sobbed the widow, "and knew that photograph!" She pointed to the desk. Brooks turned quickly in that direction. Luckily his back was toward her, and she could not see his face nor the quick, startled look that came into his eyes. But when they again met hers it was gone, and even their eager intensity had changed to a gentle commiseration. "You have only his word for it, Mrs. Wade," he said gently, "and in telling your secret to another you have shorn the rascal of half his power over you, and he knew it. Now, dismiss the matter from your mind and leave it all to me. I will be here a few minutes before nine—*and alone in this room*. Let your visitor be shown in here—and don't let us be disturbed."

It lacked a few minutes of nine when Mr. Brooks was ushered into the sitting-room. As soon as he was alone he quietly examined the door and the windows and, having satisfied himself, took his seat in a chair casually placed behind the door. Presently he heard the sound of voices and a heavy footstep in the passage. He lightly felt his waistcoat pocket—it contained a pretty little weapon of power and precision, with a barrel scarcely two inches long.

The door opened and the person outside entered the room. In an instant Brooks had shut the door and locked it behind him. The man turned fiercely, but was faced by Brooks quietly—with one finger carelessly hooked in his waistcoat pocket. The man slightly recoiled from him, not so much from fear as from some vague stupefaction. "What's that for? What's your little game?" he said half contemptuously.

"No game at all," returned Brooks coolly. "You came here to sell a secret. I don't propose to have it given away first, to any listener."

"*You* don't—who are *you?*"

"That's a queer question to ask of the man you are trying to personate—but I don't wonder. You're doing it badly!"

"Personate—*you?*" said the stranger with staring eyes.

"Yes, *me*," said Brooks quietly. "*I* am the only man who escaped from the robbery that night at Heavy Tree Hill and who went home by the overland coach."

The stranger stared, but recovered himself with a coarse laugh. "Oh, well, we're on the same lay, it appears! Both after the widow—afore we show up her husband."

"Not exactly," said Brooks with his eyes fixed intently on the stranger. "You are here to denounce a highwayman who is dead and escaped justice. I am here to denounce one who is *living!* Stop! drop your hand, it's no use—you thought you had to deal only with a woman to-night and your revolver isn't quite handy enough. There! down! down! So! That'll do."

"You can't prove it," said the man hoarsely.

"Fool! In your story to that woman you have given yourself away. There were but two travelers attacked by the highwaymen. One was killed—I am the other. Where do *you* come in? What witness can you be except as the highwayman that you were? Who is left to identify Wade but you, his accomplice?"

The man's suddenly whitened face made his unshaven beard seem to bristle over his face like some wild animal's. "Well, ef you kalkilate to blow me, you've got to blow Wade and his widder, too," he said whiningly.

"I've thought of that," said Brooks coolly, "and I calculate that to prevent it is worth about that hundred dollars you got from that poor woman—and no more! Now sit down at that table and write as I dictate."

The man looked at him in wonder, but obeyed.

"Write," said Brooks, "I hereby certify that my accusations against the late Pulaski Wade, of Heavy Tree Hill, are erroneous and groundless, and the result of mistaken identity, especially in regard to any complicity of his in the robbery of John Stubbs, deceased, and Henry Brooks, at Heavy Tree Hill on the night of the thirteenth of August, 1854."

The man looked up with a repulsive smile. "Who's the fool now? What's become of your hold on the widder now?"

"Write!" said Brooks fiercely.

The sound of a pen hurriedly scratching paper followed this first outburst of the quiet Brooks. "Sign it," said Brooks. The man signed it.

"Now go," said Brooks, unlocking the door, "but remember, if you should ever be inclined to revisit Santa Ana you will find *me* living here also."

The man slunk out of the door and into the passage like a wild animal returning to the night and darkness. Brooks took up the paper, rejoined Mrs. Wade in the parlor and laid it before her.

"But," said the widow, trembling even in her joy, "do you—do you think he was *really* mistaken?"

"Positive," said Brooks coolly. "It's true it's a mistake that has cost you a hundred dollars—but there are some mistakes that are worth that to be kept quiet."

They were married a year later, but there is no record that in after years of conjugal relations with a weak, charming woman, Henry Brooks was ever tempted to tell her the whole truth of the robbery of Heavy Tree Hill.

Tales of the Credit Man

By Harlow N. Higinbotham

I—PREPARATION AND QUALIFICATIONS

A MAN may write credits for half a lifetime and not be a credit man. It sounds trite to say that the real credit man is born, not made; but this phrase seems to apply with greater fitness and truth to this member of the executive staff of the modern wholesale establishment than to any other of its departmental heads. Why this is so will easily be seen by a little examination into the qualifications which afford the best equipment for the peculiar responsibilities of the credit desk.

Most important of all, he must be a temperate man—and I use the word in its broadest, its dispositional sense. He must not only maintain the appearance of a calm and equable temperament, but this must be in fact his mental attitude and condition. For a credit man to become excited would be as incongruous and unpardonable as for a judge on the bench to give place to a display of passion or temper. His every act should be judicial, analytical and far removed from passion or prejudice. Then he must be gifted with a talent for affairs—a "nose for business," as the good editor or reporter has a "nose for news." This quality is more intuitive than logical in its operation, and may well be classed as a gift of Nature rather than one of the ordinary faculties of reason.

Now, as to the artificial acquirements, the study, training and experience which give the man who is about to take up the duties of the credit desk the best possible preparation for the exacting demands of the position: I am profoundly convinced that the credit man who has not lived on a farm or in a country village must always be at a distinct disadvantage in his work. No amount of native shrewdness can make up for the lack of an intimate, first-hand knowledge of all the conditions which affect the prosperity of the farmer and the rural community. The ideal basis of experience upon which to build a good credit man is a boyhood on a farm, a few years in the typical "general store" of the average village, a period of service in the country bank and a thorough drill in the cashier's department of the wholesale house. The young man who comes to the credit desk with this kind of experience behind him has the best schooling for the place that he could possibly possess.

The Ideal School for the Future Credit Man

Why place so much stress on this country training? Why insist that no credit man who has not lived on a farm may reasonably hope to come up to the full stature of the ideal credit man? Generally speaking, each customer of the wholesale dealer is his distributing agent in the centre of a circle of farmers. The latter may be spoken of as the final customers, for all trade must, sooner or later, get back to them for a basis—and this step is ordinarily shorter and more direct than is commonly supposed. Whatever affects the farmer affects the retail merchant and makes his prosperity or his adversity, and the credit man's task is simply that of accurately forecasting the financial condition of the country merchant. If the retail tradesman is dependent for his prosperity upon that of the farmer, it is plain to see that a knowledge of all that makes good or bad times for the farmer is the elemental thing in the calculations of the credit man. If he knows the climatic conditions which have prevailed in certain localities during the crop-growing season he does not need to have his customer come to the city to tell him how trade and collections have been. No matter how bright, shrewd and sound may be the country merchant, he cannot prosper without trade and its harvest of collected profits, and when the weather in any locality has been against the farmers the credit man knows that he must watch the account of the merchant from that locality a little more carefully than he would if the farmers there were enjoying the best of conditions.

If he can form a first-hand judgment of the "prospects" of any customer, uncolored by the views or arguments of the latter, he is able to determine how much credit to extend to the country merchant, how large a stock of goods the tradesman should carry, when to be lenient with him and when not. Here is a case in point:

How the Credit Man Uses His Sixth Sense

A country merchant, apparently above the average in prosperity, came to me and asked for a large credit. No sooner did he name the town from which he came than I had a fair idea of the possible extent of his trade under the most advantageous circumstances, for I knew the population of the town, the extent of farming territory from which he might hope to draw trade, and the general productiveness of the locality. Then came a few casual inquiries about the kind of weather that had prevailed in his region, and I had a survey of his business situation and prospects which was far more comprehensive and exact than he suspected. The line of credit which he wished to establish was large enough for a merchant leading the trade in a community five times the size of that in which he was located. Consequently, instead of receiving the liberal credit for which he asked, he was given a limit of $1000. Of course, he did not like this, and at the time my decision might have seemed a little arbitrary, as I had no reason to believe he was not an honest man. But I knew he did not need to buy the big stock of goods he wished to start out with, as the possible volume of trade at his command would not warrant so heavy an investment. An Eastern jobbing house, however, did not take this view of the country

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of four papers by Mr. H. N. Higinbotham, of Chicago.

merchant's situation, and trusted him to the extent of more than $50,000. Very likely the credit man of that establishment had never done any actual farming and had not served an apprenticeship in a country store or bank. Certainly he demonstrated that he was utterly unable to form any idea of the trade capacity of a farming community. The merchant who had thus secured from the Eastern house an enormous quantity of goods disposed of the major part of them by the most expeditious methods possible and then made his escape to Canada with the proceeds.

Though agriculture is the basis of business in this country, and though I think it of greater advantage to the young credit man to understand by experience the life of a farming district rather than of any other kind of industrial community, I do not wish to place an absurd or exaggerated value on this point of rural experience. Rather let the emphasis rest on this statement: Get a clear and intelligent idea of the environments of each customer, whether he lives in a dairy, a mining, a lumbering, a stock-raising or a manufacturing community. This will enable you to form an independent and unprejudiced idea of the situation.

How to Study Business Law

Next in the list of acquirements which the young credit man must have to make him successful is a good, practical familiarity with accounts and a sound knowledge of commercial law. The first he may obtain at the bookkeeping desk of the country store, in the village bank or, perhaps, in the commercial school. Though I hold that actual experience is the best school for an accountant, I am not prejudiced against the commercial school, for the reason that a certain amount of scientific or, if you please, theoretical knowledge is necessary in the making of a good accountant—one who is able to start a set of books or reorganize a set which has been incompetently handled. A man may post a set of accounts for thirty years, following blindly an established routine, without understanding the first principles of accounting. Therefore, a fair grounding in the theory of bookkeeping enforced by actual experience is by far the best training in this direction.

One line of preparation which no young credit man can afford to neglect is that of commercial law. The occasions on which this kind of information is most needed generally arise unexpectedly and suddenly. There is no opportunity for leisurely consultation of legal authorities. Action must be taken immediately. How may the young man ground himself in this branch of the credit business so that he will not, through ignorance or misunderstanding of the law, plunge his house into an expensive mistake? Attendance upon a course of lectures on the fundamentals of commercial law, delivered by a plain, practical, common-sense lawyer, is probably the most convenient way in which to get a good grounding in this branch of legal knowledge. This is easily to be had in any well-equipped law or business college. If this means of information is not available, and if he does not already know an able and experienced commercial lawyer, let him make the acquaintance of such an attorney, and cultivate the acquaintance into a friendship so intimate that the professional man will gladly answer his questions by the hour. If the lawyer is inclined to illustrate each legal point with a good story or anecdote, so much the better, for nothing so fixes a principle in the memory as does a good story.

Of course the young credit man may put in his evenings reading commercial law, if he has the application and energy to do this in a systematic way, but the individual so gifted is rare. He will start into the reading with colors flying, but will drop out of the dreary pursuit as soon as its "deadly monotony" is fully realized. By far the better way is to absorb the legal knowledge from a lawyer who is gifted with sound common-sense and has had experience in commercial litigation.

Whenever some problem in commercial law is suggested by the experiences of the day, let this be carefully considered and finally proposed to the lawyer. To be sure that none of these problems is forgotten, keep a written memorandum of each hypothetical case, making its statement clear and exact. It will be well for the young man to record his own unaided conclusions in each case before submitting the problem to his counselor. This practice will tend to show the soundness of his individual judgment in matters of commercial law, and also will impress the whole bearings of the case upon his recollection. Of course the epitome of the lawyer's decision should be placed on record. Almost unconsciously he will be continually alert to see to what extent the conclusions of his friendly legal adviser are verified in the stern test of actual experience. Until the future credit man is actually a part of the credit department he cannot put in his best efforts at learning the wisdom of the credit desk. His first year or two of active service in the department of credits must "make or break" his future record in the greater number of instances. This must be the time of his hard training, of his seasoning, when his theories are demonstrated under the severe pressure of responsibility. Then it is that the general knowledge of accounts and of commercial law, which he has picked up in the cashier's department and previously in the country bank or store, is applied under the stress of the hurry and push which is as much a feature of the modern counting-room as of the salesroom or factory. In some sudden exigency the advice of his lawyer friend flashes into his mind. Instantly he concludes, "That man was right!" and his line of action is quickly determined.

The Necessity for Diplomatic Letter-Writing

Letter-writing is a branch of credit work to which altogether too little attention is paid. No matter how shrewd a judge of character any credit man may be, he labors under a serious and dangerous handicap unless he becomes an adroit letter-writer. When it is remembered that, as a general thing, the credit man must be regarded as the monitor of the establishment, and that the merchant who never has occasion to exchange a letter with him or to call at his desk is most to be congratulated, it will be seen that the relationship is a peculiarly sensitive one. As a rule, each letter written by the credit man means a favor granted or denied, a reminder of unfulfilled obligations or a rebuke administered. The letters from the credit man which are not particularly welcome are considerably in excess of those which grant all that has been asked; therefore the situation resolves itself into a constant study of how so to word an unpleasant letter that it may be effective and still not give serious offense. Scores of credit men are able to exercise sound diplomacy in handling a delicate situation when face to face with the customer, who fail utterly when it comes to stating the situation on paper. In employing the agency of correspondence they lose their facility and accuracy of expression, and are either so concise that their correspondents think them cold and curt, or they are so profuse that the country merchant sees in the multiplicity of words a betrayal of indecision, of timidity or lack of directness, dignity and force. If a young man does not know how to write letters he may learn—and to this task he should apply himself with energy and patience, realizing that the importance of the result aimed at is an ample justification of severe and continued effort.

The art of saying no in a manner so gracious that the person who receives the denial does not feel aggrieved, and is inclined cheerfully to grant its justice, is nowhere so constantly in demand as at the credit desk. There the frequency of informing a customer that his request for an extension of time or for an increase of his credit must be denied depends only upon the size of the business. In a large house it is an hourly routine. Then the matter becomes even more sensitive when the house is compelled to call the customer's attention to the fact that he is crowding his limit, that he is behind in his payments, that, in one of a possible score of particulars, his relationship is not quite satisfactory. The tone of every letter should be pitched with nicety and in harmony with the credit man's knowledge of his customer's character and with the effect it is desired to produce.

Each epistle demands its own individual adjustment so that it may "wing" without killing the bird, for it must be remembered that the general object of the credit man's epistolary efforts is to hold the customers of the house in safe lines and to educate them into sounder business methods, so that he may rely upon them with greater certainty for prompt payments—and for larger payments, too. The credit man who writes his letters as if his function were to get the money due from a customer in such a manner that the latter could not, with self-respect, continue to trade with the house, is not entirely an unknown species, but he should be.

The Credit Man's Perplexities

There is a general impression that the credit man must be remarkably proficient as an accountant and as a mathematician—a "lightning calculator," as it were. While he must have a good, firm grasp of the principles and practice of accounting, he will generally injure instead of help his chances by displaying the powers of a mathematical prodigy.

A gift for judging men is, of course, the basis of the credit man's equipment. Without this peculiar knack of insight he is certain to make shipwreck of his career, if he does not of his house. Sometimes the statement of a prospective customer and all the information obtained from other and presumably impartial and reliable sources go to indicate that the merchant is worth all the credit for which he asks. At the same time the man at the credit desk has a feeling—perhaps rather vague and indefinable—that the man is not what he claims and that his request for credit should be denied. This brings the young credit man face to face with a difficult and perplexing situation. The first time he confronts a condition of this kind he may well pause and ask which is the safer guide to follow, intuition or reason.

Confidence in Intuition Not Misplaced

Speaking from individual experience I would say, act upon the intuition, for if the case were analyzed thoroughly it would be found that the intuition is but the impression gained from a kind of subconscious reasoning. I recall one time when I was confronted by a situation of the kind I have described. A man from one of the large towns in a Western farming State came and asked for a considerable credit. He stated that he had $75,000 capital. This was a large amount for such a place. By a few questions, which he answered without hesitation and apparently without reserve, I gained the information that quite a large share of this fortune was lent in Chicago on collateral security and brought interest at the rate of three per cent. to five per cent. a month. He told how extensive a line of credit he was able to command from other houses, and also gave the name of the man who attended to his loan business in Chicago. The latter verified all the claims of our prospective customer, and when the latter's name was mentioned to the credit man of a neighboring house it drew out the remark, "We'll trust him for $20,000." In the face of such corroboration and indorsement I said:

"You must pay cash before we ship you any goods whatever." Shortly afterward the papers contained sensational accounts of the sudden disappearance of this provincial "merchant prince." He sold his goods for less than their cost and made good his escape across the Canadian border.

MR. HARLOW N. HIGINBOTHAM

The Road to the Credit Desk

As I have intimated, the natural road to the credit desk is by way of the cashier's department. There the young man handles the correspondence and quickly learns the names of customers and of their towns. What is still more important, he becomes familiar with their business characteristics and habits. If Smith, of Smithville, is inclined to remit a few days over time, and if Jones, of Jonesboro, is in the habit of overreaching the strict limits in taking his discount, the accountants in the cashier's office acquire this information in the routine discharge of their duties. This is not only valuable but necessary information to an assistant credit man.

There is little room for advice on the relationship of the young credit man with the head of the house, or with the dominant personality of the establishment, as the nature of this relationship must depend so largely upon the character of the man. If he is a broad, progressive, modern man of affairs he will simply define a general policy for the credit department and refuse to be consulted upon the details of its execution, save in cases of the utmost importance. The only way by which the young credit man may cultivate the confidence and esteem of such a man is to do his work so well that the results will speak his praises. It is equally certain that the only way in which to develop a credit man is to push him out on his resources, where he must act on his own judgment and act quickly. Any other line of treatment is certain to destroy the stamina and independence of the credit man, who must be the backbone of the house in the way of often sacrificing what seems to be a "bird in the hand"—the account of a promising customer—for the remote fear of future disaster. The credit man needs all the stamina he can develop, and the cultivation of this quality should be encouraged instead of hindered.

The Credit Man's Relations with the House

There is also another excellent reason why the credit man should be firmly established in the attitude of independent and responsible action, without feeling any necessity for consultation with his superior. The more solid and desirable the customer the more sensitive is he to anything which he may construe as a reflection upon his financial standing. Let us suppose that a merchant of this kind goes into a wholesale house where the credit man feels that he cannot take a single important step without consulting higher authority. He offers his statement and makes a showing which, he is proudly conscious, is above question or reproach and entitles him to instant welcome among the best patrons of the house. This is what he expects, and when the credit man asks to be excused for a moment and goes to the private office of the proprietor for consultation, the customer instantly interprets the hesitation to grant him the line of credit asked as a challenge to the record he has offered. Probably he recalls very distinctly that he did not have to wait in the office of the competing house while the credit man submitted his case to the proprietor, but that he received all he asked without question or delay.

The credit man who is not given the full authority of his position has not an enviable task. It will be doubly wearing and irksome if he has interference and timidity to deal with in the very quarter from which his support should come. The word support is used advisedly, for the credit man soon finds that he stands between the selling department and the vested interests of the house. Salesmen are anxious to sell, and often feel that a ruling of the credit man is too conservative, and works a direct hardship to them in cutting down their sales, driving away customers, and consequently curtailing their profits. On the other hand, he is forcibly reminded of the other side of his problem when a customer with a big credit line goes to the wall or to Canada, and thousands of dollars go with him. It is the delicate and difficult mission of the credit man to minimize this friction between the selling and the proprietary interests of the establishment, to hold all the good customers firmly in line, to coax or prod the lagging into step with the prompt ones, and to keep the worthless out of the ranks altogether.

These views are offered simply as the conclusions of one credit man based upon his personal experience, and if their expression seems didactic it is his misfortune, for they are not so intended. Let them be accepted, therefore, as the personal opinions of one who does not assume to speak with authority, but is willing to give to those engaged in this line of work the benefit of a frank statement of the problems which have come to him and of the conclusions and impressions they have left with him.

MEN AND WOMEN *of the* HOUR

A Legion of Partners

Probably no business man in the United States has had a more varied career than W. J. White, who has recently been made president of the American Chicle Company, the newly formed consolidation of all the chewing-gum interests in the country. An orphan boy, raised on a farm, his first business venture was the sale of apples at the county fair, when he was a lad of fourteen years. Later he was cook for a gang of railroad builders in Kansas, and when he lost his job he "tramped" back East. The next turn of fortune found him a peddler of candy on the streets of one of the big cities.

When Mr. White first attempted to launch a new chewing gum on the market he met with failure after failure in his effort to interest capital.

He once offered to a man an interest in the establishment for $1000. From this incident has grown the claim made by a thousand and one nobodies that they might have been partners of the wealthy manufacturer. Nothing so arouses Mr. White's ire as a fraudulent contention of this character. On one occasion he was seated in a hotel dining-room and heard a young man at the adjoining table relating to his companion how he might have been as fortunate as the chewing-gum manufacturer if he had but yielded to the entreaties of Mr. White. The president of the consolidation stood it as long as he could, and then walking over to the table he explained that he was W. J. White, and confessed that he had entirely forgotten ever making such an offer as that which he had just heard recounted.

Hamlin Garland's Pluck

Few writers have the splendid physique possessed by Hamlin Garland, whose courage is equal to his muscle. In his recent pilgrimage to the Klondike over the new Canadian trail he deliberately exposed himself to dangers from which veteran prospectors and mountaineers were disposed to shrink, but he confesses that he was once so thoroughly scared that his heart pounded like a steam trip-hammer. This was when he was "looking for color" in the Cripple Creek country.

Learning that he could reach the largest ranch of that region in time to witness the grand round-up, he set out in post-haste on the back of a piebald bronco for which he conceived a decided liking. When he reached the ranch his bronco was turned into the immense corral, into which had already been driven a hundred or more head of cattle.

After a night's rest he went out with his bridle on his arm to "get up" his bronco. In his boyhood he had "punched cows" on the prairies, and knew that a man on foot is a natural target for horns of a drove of Western cattle. One glance at the situation told him that it was a risky thing to venture into the corral, but he felt that his standing with the cowboys would be irretrievably lost if he were to retreat.

The moment he entered the corral he was sighted by an enormous bull, the king of the herd. Instantly this monarch of the range threw up his head and gave a ferocious snort. Shrewdly calculating that the bull would indulge in a slight theatrical prelude before leading the onslaught of the herd, Mr. Garland made his way rapidly toward his bronco. Before he reached the animal's side, however, he heard a terrific bellow and saw a cloud of dust where his enemy was pawing the dirt. Then the whole herd bore down upon him.

When the charge of broad horns was only a few rods away the apostle of Western realism reached his pony, grabbed its short mane and leaped upon the creature's back. Instantly the attacking force came to a halt, sniffed the air and looked about in astonishment and confusion, unable to account for the sudden disappearance of the intended victim of the charge. A horse with a rider was a thing familiar and to be respected by the fiercest bull; but a man without a horse was an alien and an intruder.

A Convention on the Philadelphia Plan

One of the famous dining organizations is the Gridiron Club, of Washington. Its dinners are celebrated in all parts of the world. There are men who will travel thousands of miles to be present at one of the feasts. It is new and lively from start to finish, and every great man not only of the United States, but every one who has visited this country has enjoyed its hospitality. The club is composed of forty of the best-known newspaper correspondents at Washington. The dinners are given monthly and each has its special burlesque. The one given the other night, for instance, was the Convention Dinner and was a huge take-off on Presidential gatherings. The chief Democrats and the chief Republicans were there, Chairman Hanna and Chairman Jones and a majority of the Cabinet and many of the leading Democrats all being present. The president of the club is Henry Litchfield West, who probably knows more politicians than any journalist in the United States. Mr. West has a serious manner which inspires confidence, and his voice is deeply solemn. His speeches are indescribable in their effectiveness. At this particular dinner he announced, as if he were calling the roll or doing some other unemotional thing, that all the details, such as the selection of temporary and permanent officers, the appointment of committees and the nomination of the ticket and so on, had been arranged beforehand.

"Then what kind of a convention is this?" asked a member of the club.

President West gazed at Senator Hanna. "A convention on the Philadelphia plan," he replied. "The delegates have nothing to do but furnish the enthusiasm."

General Gordon's Gifted Daughter

Miss Caroline Gordon, of Georgia, daughter of John B. Gordon, ex-Governor, ex-Senator and famous Confederate soldier, will give public readings of Southern folk-lore and anecdotes of plantation life. The late Mr. Frank Thomson, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, put this idea in her head. He considered her one of the most brilliant story-tellers among women. He promised her anything to make her career successful if she would give such entertainments as he proposed. His house near Philadelphia entertained more distinguished men of this country and Europe than any other house in Pennsylvania. It was at a dinner of brilliant personages that Mr. Thomson launched Miss Gordon into public story-telling. She was the guest of his daughter, and had delighted her host for days in succession with her remarkable narrative gift, her folk-songs and her imitation of plantation cake-walks—not the absurd thing one sees in the North, when a prize is offered, but the genuine thing in front of the cabins, to the light of torches.

Mr. Thomson told Miss Gordon that she must tell her best story at this dinner party. She tried to beg off, but finally consented if they could arrange a tactful method of bringing the story into play. She rehearsed her story and he decided upon the method of bringing it up. He would guide the talk to shop and mention some experiments with locomotives the road had recently been making.

"Speaking of locomotives," Miss Gordon was to say, and then launch out on her best anecdote, which was about a train. The plan succeeded perfectly, but Miss Gordon confessed that she nearly had hysterics when she caught the twitching of her host's mouth, and the symptoms of choking in his daughter as the cue was given.

Hugh J. Grant's Rise

Most of the success of Hugh J. Grant, the recent receiver for the Third Avenue Railroad and twice Mayor of New York, is popularly supposed to start from his honesty in refusing to vote with the "Boodle" aldermen, in 1884, for the Broadway railroad franchise, a transaction which landed several of the lawmakers in prison and sent many others to Canada as exiles. From this time on Alderman Grant's progress was Napoleonic. He was Sheriff and Mayor, being four times the candidate of his party for the latter office.

But Mr. Grant made his beginning long before that. When he was little over twenty years old he determined to make a place in local politics. He chose three lieutenants, all of them rich and prominent now, and made an assault on the Tammany forces in the old Nineteenth District, which took in all the upper Westside of New York. At the primary election the Grant men were clubbed by the police and hustled about by the ward heelers, but they climbed over their heads as if scaling a wall, and deposited their ballots safely. They were beaten, however, but the next year opposition shifted and they carried the district. Soon after that Mr. Grant became an alderman.

When the great dinner was given to President Harrison and the Cabinet during the Washington Centennial in 1889, Mr. Grant was Mayor. He had been chiefly known before that as an honest and active politician who had inherited a fortune and was making another. At this dinner, which was engineered by the leaders of New York's four hundred and was attended by the pick of the big men of the nation and the chief members of the diplomatic corps, steps were taken to prevent Mayor Grant from presiding. It was thought that he would mar the function by ignorance and uncouthness. But the Mayor was firm, and he not only presided, but he established a reputation as a model and graceful toastmaster, and in his own address he captured the heartiest applause of the evening, a large part of which came from the very men who had opposed him at the beginning.

Miss Brown and the Gypsy

An adventure in Warwickshire, England, which Miss Alice Brown has not recorded in her recent volume, By Oak and Thorn, is thus related by a friend of hers:

"Of course you know that By Oak and Thorn is a story of pilgrimages through rural England. It was toward the close of a day devoted to a long tramp that Miss Brown and her companions came to a gypsy camp by the roadside.

"A gypsy girl came forward and, in wheedling tones, begged permission to tell their fortunes. Miss Brown has a strong element of the Puritan in her character, and she objected to encouraging what she regarded as pure humbug, but, at last, good-naturedly yielded.

"The gypsy took her hand and, after the usual flattery and promise of a wealthy and handsome husband, looking long and earnestly into Miss Brown's eyes the while, suddenly began a really remarkable chronicle of Miss Brown's past. The sibyl not only announced such, perhaps, discernible facts as that Miss Brown's nationality was American, and that she was a writer, but went into particulars of her life in America that really astonished, so accurate were they.

"Miss Brown said afterward that the only way she could explain it was by telepathy—that she was fatigued herself, and her mind had been dwelling on pictures of her home life—but it was her first experience of the kind, and she believed it would be her last. She had no more faith than before in the possibility of a human mind predicting the future accurately."

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"

Checks Great and Small

A few days ago Honorable Ellis H. Roberts, the Treasurer of the United States, signed two checks, one for two cents and the other for $137,594,653.15. The same routine was necessary for each. The two-cent check gave just as much trouble in the clerical routine of the office as the check for millions. This wide difference illustrates the wonderful variety of the financial operations of the National Government. Nominally the revenues of this country are $650,000,000 a year, but in handling this almost incredible sum the transaction reached several billions of dollars. Uncle Sam not only collects an enormous amount of money, but he pays it out in many thousand different ways, and every cent expended goes through a labyrinth of red tape, which, though tortuous and complicated, is a necessary safeguard for the money of the people.

We do not hear much of the Treasurer of the United States in the news and discussions of the day, but, after all, he is one of the most important officers of the Government. He is custodian of all the moneys and of the securities pledged by the national banks for their circulating notes and for public moneys deposited with them. There are sub-treasurers in nine cities and all these are under his order. With the Secretary of the Treasury and the Comptroller he signs all warrants for payments and with the Register all checks for transfers of moneys from any depositories. He pays by checks interest on registered public securities and redeems national banknotes and worn Government currency. Upon his suggestion are determined the denominations of United States paper printed for circulation, and this is the man who has to be as careful about two cents as about one hundred millions of dollars.

The Legal Money for Paying Debts

Every hour of the day we use money in one form or another, either earning it, spending it or changing it, and yet how few of us really understand the actual value of the notes and coins that we receive or distribute. What is legal tender? Do you pause to consider the fact that about one-half of the money of the United States is really not legal in the matter of paying a debt?

Legal tender is familiar in the discussion of politics, and it is one of those things which we hear much about and which we very inadequately understand. Legal tender currency means that it is money which can be lawfully used in paying a debt.

Of course, all the money of the United States is accepted for any indebtedness, but as a matter of fact much of it is not really legal tender. For instance, gold certificates are not legal tender; silver certificates are not legal tender; trade dollars are not legal tender; fractional currency is not a legal tender; foreign gold coins and foreign silver coins are not legal tenders. There is even a question as to the old Continental currency, although the States, with the exception of Rhode Island, passed a law in favor of it, while the Continental Congress decided that any man who refused to take this money should be deemed an enemy of his country.

The legal tenders under the present laws are eleven in number and they are so determined under this definition, which is taken from Bouvier's Law Dictionary:

"Money of a character which by law a debtor may require his creditor to receive in payment in the absence of any agreement in the contract or obligation itself."

These are gold coins, standard silver dollars, subsidiary silver coin—the silver coins of the United States of smaller denominations than one dollar are a legal tender in all sums not exceeding ten dollars—copper, bronze and copper nickel coin, United States notes—known as greenbacks—demand treasury notes, the one and two year notes of 1863, the compound interest notes of the sixties, the treasury notes of 1890, the Columbian half dollars and the Columbian quarters. In actual business, needless to say, the question of legal tender is not often raised.

A Look at Uncle Sam's Books

It is a very curious fact that the taxpayers of the country, as a rule, are ignorant of the way in which they are taxed and of the direction in which the taxes go. You who are reading this may be an average or a special citizen, but if you were asked about the details of the Government finances you would probably be unable to answer.

For instance, in the first place you should explain that this country, in addition to its other innovations, has discovered and put into operation a system of taxation which gets the money without the person who pays it knowing it. There was a time, beginning in 1862 and ending in 1888, when a part of the revenue to sustain the Government was raised by direct taxes. But even then the sum was a very small one compared to the amount required for the support of the Government.

The recent war tax is almost direct, but it is peculiar that our modern mechanical developments have increased our blindness to facts. That is to say, while this tax is direct the stamps are so conveniently furnished on our blank checks that we do not feel the burden of it. At the same time it exists.

Another thing about our finances is the variation that has existed since the beginning of the Government. Of course it is not necessary to go back to the beginning of the century because the contrast would not be valuable, but suppose we take 1860 and compare it with 1900, a period of forty years. In 1860 the Government was supported entirely from the customs—the receipts being a little over fifty-three million dollars—and from the sale of public lands, the receipts being $1,778,000, and miscellaneous resources, bringing the total to $56,064,607.83, and in that year the Government spent over $7,000,000 more than it received.

It is impossible to say exactly how much the Government will receive this year, but it will be somewhere between six and seven hundred million dollars. Of this amount the largest sum will come from internal revenue, the next largest from customs, and then there will be miscellaneous items running up to thirty or forty million dollars, which will swell the total to the amount necessary to run the machinery of Government.

How will this be spent? In 1860 the War Department cost $16,409,767.10. In 1897 the cost was $48,950,267.89; in 1898 it was $91,992,000.29; in 1899 it was $229,841,254.47. This year it will be a very large sum again, which goes to show how much war and expansion cost. In 1860 the Navy cost exactly $11,514,964.96. This year the naval appropriation bill is over $63,000,000. The civil and miscellaneous establishments of the country will cost us this year about $120,000,000. We have done our best to make the Indians good angels, but in spite of all our efforts the cost of the work has increased from $2,949,191.34 in 1860, to over $12,000,000 in 1899. In the matter of pensions the growth has been something almost incredible. In 1860 it was a little over a million dollars. Now it is almost $150,000,000 a year—another illustration of the cost of war. The interest on the public debt in 1860 was about $3,000,000; now it is nearly $40,000,000.

In 1860 the total expenditures were about sixty-three millions of dollars; now they are ten times that sum. So when we speak of expansion spreading over the face of the earth we may congratulate ourselves that we have expanded somewhat at home.

Our $10,000 Notes

The other day when one of the rascals who had been stealing from the postal revenues in Cuba was caught, and was held in $20,000 bail, two crisp ten thousand dollar notes were sent by the bank, in which he was a depositor, to the court. The incident attracted considerable attention from the fact that ten thousand dollar notes are not familiar to the general public. Indeed, few people know that they are in circulation, yet the figures of the Treasury, as sent in the latest statement to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST from Washington, show that there are six thousand of them outstanding at the present time, all of them, with few exceptions, being gold certificates. There are five thousand $5000 notes and there are over seventy-five thousand $1000 notes, or to make the matter more interesting, suppose we take the table as kindly furnished by Secretary Gage:

One dollar	$ 59,607,533
Two dollars	37,686,259
Five dollars	298,621,215
Ten dollars	352,873,112
Twenty dollars	379,361,366
Fifty dollars	65,589,965
One hundred dollars	78,984,070
Five hundred dollars	21,074,500
One thousand dollars	75,906,500
Five thousand dollars	25,855,000
Ten thousand dollars	58,030,000
Fractional parts	32,642

NOTE—Currency Certificates issued under Act of June 8, 1872, and representing United States notes deposited in the Treasury, $7,470,000.

This table, however, does not show the entire amount of money in circulation. There are coins in addition to the bills, and the total amount, counting everything, is considerably over two billions of dollars. The exact sum as supplied from the Treasury Department in one of its late reports is $2,323,042,973. The population of the United States as calculated by the Treasury Department was then estimated at 77,535,000, so that the circulation of money per capita was $26.58.

The Struggle for Treasury Offices

The Custom House and the Revenue Office collect and Congress appropriates. Few people understand the great battle, or rather the series of battles, which takes place in every meeting of the National Legislature. There are thousands of interests which fight for their own profits, and the Congressmen are pulled hither and thither in the contest of diplomacy. It is a matter of competition all the way through. Applicants fight one another, Congressmen fight the applicants, and finally comes the great battle between the House and the Senate, both of which are jealous to the extreme of their rights and precedents.

The Cost of Being Governed

The other day the statement was made that the United States Government was rapidly approaching a record of two millions a day. The figures of the Congress which has recently adjourned more than bear this out. It is almost impossible to explain just what this means, but it shows the tremendous operations of a great government. In all big plants machinery costs, and there is nothing so expensive as the machinery of politics. People are usually extravagant when handling other people's money. Receivers exact big fees; Congressmen try to get the highest possible appropriation, even for alleged rivers which run dry, according to "Sunset" Cox, when you bore a hole in the earth.

The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife

COUSIN MELINDA has packed up her trunks ready for a start for Spruce City, and the hot weather has made me think of cool sylvan glades and rippling streams and has made everything Congressional long and plan for speedy adjournment.

The most remarkable change seems to have taken place in the appearance of Congress. I was up there one Monday, not long since, and in more ways than one this change was noticeable, and as I glanced around I was sure that "variety of mere nothings gives more pleasure than uniformity of something," for the variety and styles of dress among Senators and Representatives in their vain effort for coolness and dignity combined convinced me that they had made it a principal rule of life not to be too much addicted to any one thing.

First and foremost, about two weeks ago, before old Sol had climbed quite so high, the surest harbinger that summer was upon us was the Congressional white vest which made its appearance. As soon as one man had worn this hot-weather badge others donned a like raiment, until Messrs. Hanna, Hale, Lodge, Elkins, Daniel and a host of others were tricked out thus. The next step in the stripping of Senatorial dignity was when man after man discarded his long frock coat and appeared in every conceivable cut and style of go-as-you-please sack coat of abbreviated dimensions. Then old Sol suddenly, as though he had winked one eye at this concession, climbed a peg higher and Senatorial dignity stepped down a peg lower, and lo! the waistcoat was discarded.

When a Senator discards that garment he feels that he has in truth parted with his last attribute of solemn grandeur and goes about much as the little old woman in Mother Goose, who had her skirts cut off on the King's highway and did not know herself, but was consoled with the reflection that "if this be I, as I suppose it be, then I have a little dog at home and he'll know me." Several Senators secretly stripped off their waistcoats and went around with their coats buttoned up, in the fond notion that nobody guessed their secret.

Senator Wolcott boldly defied Senatorial tradition, and the public, too, by appearing in a brilliant shirt of gamboge tint with his coat flapping wide open. This shirt would have outrivaled the hues of a Turner sunset, and during the first hour or two of his presence in this costume he wore his yellow-red shirt with all the dash and aplomb of a knight tilting at the ring, but gradually, whether the eyes of the gallery or the sly allusions of his colleagues were too much for him, he buttoned up his coat and subsided behind his desk. But he need not have become so bashful all of a sudden, for did not Mr. Foraker run him closely in a shirt covered over with bright spots which resembled a thick sprinkling of currants on a shiny bun? And Senator Jones, of Arkansas, the embodiment of Senatorial dignity, stalked about in a waistcoat and long, square coat of linen crash. As for Senator Sullivan, he was the attraction of the whole gallery. On one of the warmest days he appeared in a gorgeous summer suit of lightest shade, with the frock coat cut with the fullest and longest skirts I have ever seen on any one but a woman, and when he sat down these skirts had to be carefully gathered up by both hands and disposed of in his lap, which one of our newspapers very funnily described as giving him "the appearance of an old woman with a lap full of sewing."

No one praises Washington more enthusiastically than a certain new Congressman from New York. "Everybody is good-looking here," he said the other day. "Everybody has leisure and is never in a hurry. This is the only city where everybody takes off his hat when a woman enters an elevator, and where men give up their seats to women in the street cars, and the conductor remembers where you want to get off. Policemen are polite and are not globular in form, as they are in New York. The saloons close at twelve o'clock and the astonishing thing is that they actually do close with no side light left burning. And one altogether delightful thing is that with the coming of summer the women go about hatless. Unhatted they ride in electric cars, on bicycles, in carriages and automobiles, and the summer get-up of men is funny, comfortable and not altogether unbecoming. I actually saw a fellow wearing a short frock coat of white flannel, with flannel trousers to match, brilliant shirt and bright-hued golf-stockings and a straw hat with a multi-colored hatband, and ——"

"Oh," I interrupted, laughing, "you must have seen the new third Secretary of one of the Legations; that sounds like one of his costumes. He has come over here, bringing twenty-two trunks, and he is evidently going to let the beauty of his wardrobe gradually unfold itself like a flower. Why, this man's clothes are the talk of the town. He appeared on the golf links at Chevy Chase the other day in two different golf suits, one for morning wear and one, a veritable creation, for afternoon, and no other diplomat can keep the pace with him in style. When he buys a neck scarf, he buys a whole bolt of silk and has a tie made, and keeps the rest of the silk so that no one else may have a duplicate."

Both men laughed at this description and the New York member said:

"Well, I must have seen this Secretary, then. I shall never forget his appearance. But, Slocum, there is one queer and altogether inexplicable thing about this town, and that is that newspapers seem to cost a cent more than their prices. Can you account for this?"

"No," said Robert, "I can't. I have had some surprises myself since we came to Washington. One of them is that I cannot find the traditional pretty Treasury young woman who has been written about so much. In vain do I look among the outpouring clerks from the Departments, but this young woman, who is supposed to be of dashing appearance and who is popularly supposed to spend her all upon her back, does not exist. You may search in vain among the tired, apathetic-looking throng of clerks. She is in reality in nine times out of ten a faded, quiet girl in a shabby gown that has seen hard use, who speeds along paying little heed to the crowd around her, and whose only future will be to marry some 'Sundowner' from a neighboring Department."

"Sundowner?" queried the New York member and I simultaneously. We had never heard of such an individual, and, somehow, the name of "White Cap" or "Kuklux" did not sound any more formidable to my ears.

"Why, yes," said Robert earnestly; "it seems that in all the Departments there are men who have been college bred, who have been graduated in the professions, but who have not made a go of life and have had to seek Government employ in order to live. Well, these men practice their professions half secretly after office hours and thus eke out their livelihood, and they have become known as 'Sundowners,' and they are frowned down and in some cases dismissed when it becomes known.

"There are lots of such waifs here," continued Robert, "and I am told that when Congress adjourns, and the city becomes practically deserted of the best class of its inhabitants, then the odds and ends of humanity that have drifted in and lodged here come to the surface and stand out prominently against the background of quiet streets and deserted parks."

"Yes," said I, "it must be like a still place in a river. Have you ever noticed that many times in the course of a great river there will be still places where the water is darker colored, perhaps stagnant, and its surface covered over with bits of driftwood that have floated in out of the hurry and turmoil of the stream? I could fancy that Washington would be just such a bit of still water at midsummer."

When we left the House gallery, where we had been sitting, Robert suggested that we should go over to the Senate café, and, although the afternoon was already in its third quarter, thither we went. We sent for Senator P—— to make our party complete, and there we dawdled away an hour while those three men discussed everything political under the sun. Senator P—— brought with him several bits of news. One was that Senator Morgan's motion to take up the Canal bill had just been defeated, and the second was that the Supreme Court had just handed in its opinion in the Kentucky Governorship case—that it had no jurisdiction; the third was that the resolution to grant the privileges of the floor of the Senate to the Boer envoys had been tabled, and the fourth news was that the Clark case had gone over once more.

These three men drew their heads close together and their talk was earnest and low-toned.

"Of course," said Senator P——, "we all knew pretty well that the Supreme Court would render such an opinion, it could scarcely have done otherwise perhaps, but it is a noticeable fact that all the Democratic Justices on the bench were with Beckham, and that Harlan, the only Kentucky man, openly and vigorously dissented."

"It will result in another and fiercer fight for the Governorship," said Robert.

"What do you think of the Canal bill and its chances, and the chances for adjournment?" I asked.

"Well, things are about where they were last week in the Senate. I believe that Administration leaders will successfully block the Canal bill. Of course Morgan will call it up every chance that offers, and it may be defeated again and again. Even if consideration of it is voted down that cannot be considered a test of the strength of the measure. It would merely indicate that the majority wish to postpone it to next session. Truth is, we all to a man want to adjourn and get away from Washington, and its trying summer climate. The longer we sit the more complicated the situation will become, and there's a good deal at stake."

"I should think there was, what with all this fraud that is being unearthed in the Postal Service," croaked I.

"You see, Senator P——," broke in Robert, "Mrs. Slocum is still persuaded that we cannot pull our party machine through safely next November."

"Perhaps so," I retorted, "and, Senator P——, Mr. Robert John Slocum is like the illustrious Daniel Webster in one respect, that he sees no cure for any political ill save by the use of unlimited power of his own party, and in all crises he echoes Webster's words even if a knell be already ringing in his ears: 'For my part, in the dark and troubled night that is upon us, I see no star above the horizon promising light to guide us, but the intelligent, patriotic, united Republican party of the United States,' only Webster said 'Whig' instead of 'Republican.'"

"Surely you don't believe, Mrs. Slocum," interrupted the member from New York, "that a change of power would be the only way to correct or put a stop to these evils which, after all, are the evils which follow in the wake of every war, no matter what party is in power?"

"Oh, no," cried I quickly, ever staunch to party under all my grumbling, "but I do say this, that, in regard to these frauds, if the Republican party will strike boldly at the root of the evils instead of merely whacking away among the branches they would have a stronger claim to a perpetuation of their power."

"I believe that that is not only sound doctrine but sound politics, Mrs. Slocum," said the Senator, "but the trouble is that in these campaign years people won't look at things fairly. Ever since the early history of our country there has always been a great deal of working up of public sentiment, and everything that can be heaped upon an Administration in the way of abuse and criticism is resorted to when a campaign is on. George Washington, sickened of public life by attacks which, as he said in his own language, were 'in terms so exaggerated and indecent as could scarcely be applied to a Nero, a notorious defaulter, or even to a common pickpocket,' refused a third term and retired to private life. Adams, the impeccable, was accused of a variety of crimes, one of the least of which was that he was pandering to the Czar of Russia. Jackson was stigmatized as a murderer, a cock-fighter and a turf-sportsman. No man and no party can hope to escape in a campaign year when all kinds of censure, just and unjust, are used for bludgeons."

"Yes, and you know what Juvenal says of censure, that it pardons the ravens and censures the doves?"

After a moment or two the Senator changed the topic and asked:

"Has the curtain been rung down on your smart doings? Have you entered yet upon that intermediate season which somebody says is to the man or woman of pleasure more heavy than one would impose upon the vilest criminal?"

"Yes, I think I may say that the intermediate season has drawn on. There have been a few belated garden parties and one delightful pilgrimage to Mount Vernon gotten up by Secretary Root, while the Lady Regents were holding their session there."

"Well, I could never see any pleasure in these graveyard picnics," commented Robert.

"It was anything but a graveyard affair," said I; then I added as an afterthought when I recalled the impression made upon me:

"True, we did not go there reverently or tearfully as poor Lafayette did when he made his pilgrimage of love to his old friend's tomb to weep over his ashes, but there was something solemn and impressive in standing before that grated tomb and being told that 'Washington's remains were placed in its present resting place in 1837 and the door of the inner vault closed and the key dropped into the river.' I will confess that there was something grim and sobering in the thought that there was no escape from that tomb, with the key lying in the river."

"Well, at any rate it saved you from making the mistake of weeping over the ice-house that Mark Twain tells about," said the member from New York.

"What else did you do?" asked the Senator.

"We picked a few blossoms from the 'posy garden' and plucked a sprig of box from the old hedge around the garden which was laid out by George Washington after the plan of the garden at Versailles. We lunched in the superintendent's office, then we drove back to town over the old 'King's Highway' that leads through Alexandria. Secretary Root and General Corbin cavorted and pranced along on horseback at our side, while some of the young girls of the smart set, together with two or three army officers, loitered at the tail end of the cavalcade."

"Were the Bobby Shaftos along?" slyly asked the Senator.

"No, the 'Bobby Shaftos,' as you call them, are not back from their honeymoon."

"What are your plans after Congress adjourns?" asked he again.

"I am going to make a flying trip to Spruce City to take our venerable cousin home; then, while Robert is stumping his State for his party in the campaign, I shall go to Newport, where I hope to spend the greater part of the summer with Page and Alain de Courcelles, and where——"

Robert broke in here with a sly thrust at me which brought a smile to the faces of all of us around that table:

"Where the new Congressman's wife will hold her place against the field, and possibly enlarge that field against the time that she is a new Senator's wife."

Editor's Note.—With this paper The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife is brought to a conclusion.

The EAGLE'S HEART

By Hamlin Garland

AUTHOR OF MAIN-TRAVELLED ROADS, BOY LIFE ON THE PRAIRIE, ROSE OF DUTCHER'S COOLEY, ETC

Copyright 1900 by Hamlin Garland. All rights reserved

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.—Harold Excell is the only son of the Rev. John Excell, pastor of the First Church, of Rock River. Intense, energetic and overbearing, he masters his associates or wins their lasting hate. To him has been imputed the leadership in all the rash scrapes. His intimate and confidant is Jack Burns. Together they discuss all accounts of the opening of the West and talk of wild animals, hunting and adventures. Naturally alert and active, with the hunter's instinct, he has developed great skill in the use of rifle, gun and pistol. The admiration which he craves he finds in Dot Burland, but at seventeen he learns she has "only pretended," amused by his enthusiasm for action; and, hurt and indignant, he drops her with characteristic suddenness.

THIRD CHAPTER—THE YOUNG EAGLE STRIKES

A FARMING village like Rock River is one of the quietest, most humdrum communities in the world till some sudden upheaval of primitive passion reveals the tiger, the ram and the wolf which decent and orderly procedure has hidden. Cases of murder arise from the dead level of every-day village routine like volcanic mountain peaks in the midst of a flowering plain.

The citizens of Rock River were amazed one Monday morning to learn that Dot Burland had eloped with the clerk in the principal bank in the town. Some of the people when they heard of it said, "I do not believe it," and when they were convinced, the tears came to their eyes. "She was such a pretty girl, and think of Mrs. Willard—and then Sam—who would have supposed Sam Willard could do such a thing!"

To most of the citizens it was drama; it broke the tedious monotony of every-day life; it was more productive of interesting conversation than a case of embezzlement or the burning of the county courthouse. There were those who smiled while they said, "Too bad, too bad! Any p'ticlers?"

Some of the women recalled their dislike of the lazy, pink-and-white creature whom they had often seen loitering on the streets or lying day after day in a hammock reading "domestic novels." The young girls drew together and conveyed the news in whispers. It seemed to overturn the whole social world so far as they knew it and some of them hastened to disclaim any friendship with "the dreadful thing."

Of course the related persons came into the talk. "Poor Mrs. Willard and Harry Excell!" Yes, there was Harry, for a moment, for the first time, he was regarded with pity. "What will he do? He must take it very hard."

At about eleven o'clock, just as the discussion had reached this secondary stage, where new particulars were necessary, a youth, pale and breathless, with his right hand convulsively clasping his shoulder, rushed into the central drug store and fell to the floor with inarticulate cries of fear and pain. Out of his mouth, at last, came an astonishing charge of murderous assault on the part of Harold Excell. His wounds were dressed and the authorities notified to arrest his assailant.

When the officers found Harold he was pacing up and down the narrow alley where the encounter had taken place. He was white as the dead and his eyes were ablaze.

"Well, what do you want of me?" he demanded as the officer rushed up and laid hands upon him.

"You've killed Clint Slocum," replied the constable, drawing a pair of handcuffs from his pocket.

"Oh, drop those things!" replied Harold. "I'm not going to run; you never knew me to run."

Half ashamed, the constable replaced the irons in his pocket and seized his prisoner by the arm. Harold walked along quietly, but his face was terrible to see, especially in one so young. In every street excited men, women and children were running to see him pass. He had suddenly become alien and far separated from them all. He perceived them as if through a lurid smoke cloud.

On most of these faces lay a subtle, a ghastly, excited pleased grin, which enraged him more than any curse would have done. He had suddenly become their dramatic entertainment. The constable gripped him tighter and the Sheriff, running up, seized his other arm.

Harold shook himself free. "Let me alone! I'm going along all right."

The officers only held him the closer and his rage broke bounds. He struggled till his captors swayed about on the walk and the little boys screamed with laughter to see the slender youth shake the big men.

In the midst of this struggle a tall man, without hat or coat and wearing slippers, came running down the walk with great strides. His voice rang deep and clear.

"*Let the boy alone!*"

It was the minister. With one sweep of his right hand he tore the hands of the Sheriff from the boy's arms; the gesture was bearlike in power. "What's the meaning of all this, Mr. Sawyer?" he said, addressing the Sheriff.

"Your boy has killed a man."

"You lie!"

"It's true—anyhow, he has stabbed Clint Slocum. He ain't dead, but he's hurt bad."

"Is that true, Harold?"

Harold did not lift his sullen glance. "He struck me with a whip."

There was a silence, during which the minister choked with emotion and his lips moved as if in silent prayer. Then he turned. "Free the boy's arm. I'll guarantee he will not try to escape. No son of mine will run to escape punishment—leave him to me."

The constable, being a member of the minister's congregation and a profound admirer of his pastor, fell back. The Sheriff took a place by his side, and the father and son walked on toward the jail. After a few moments the minister began to speak in a low voice.

"My son, you have reached a momentous point in your life's history. Much depends on the words you use. I will not tell you to conceal the truth, but you need not incriminate yourself—that is the law"—his voice was almost inaudible, but Harold heard it—"if Slocum dies—oh, my God! My God!"

His voice failed him utterly, but he walked erect and martial, the sun blazing on his white forehead, his hands clenched at his sides. There were many of his parishioners in the streets, and several of the women broke into bitter weeping, and many of the men imprecated the boy who was bringing white lines of sorrow into his father's hair. "This is the logical end of his lawless bringing up," said one.

The father went on: "Tell me, my boy—tell me the truth—did you strike to kill? Was murder in your heart?"

Harold did not reply. The minister laid a broad, gentle hand on his son's shoulder. "Tell me, Harold."

"No, I struck to hurt him; he was striking me; I struck back," the boy sullenly answered.

The father sighed with relief. "I believe you, Harold. He is older and stronger, too; that will count in your favor."

They reached the jail-yard gate and there, in the face of a crowd of curious people, the minister bowed his proud head and put his arm about his son and kissed his hair. Then, with tears upon his face, he addressed the Sheriff.

"Mr. Sheriff, I resign my boy to your care. Remember he is but a lad and he is my only son. Deal gently with him. Harold, submit to the law and all will end well. I will bring moth[illegible] and Maudie."

As the gate [illegible] his son the minister drew a deep breath, a cry of bitter agony broke from his clenched lips. "O God, O God! My son is lost!"

The story of the encounter, even as it dribbled forth from Slocum, developed extenuating circumstances. Slocum was man grown, a big, muscular fellow, rather given to bullying. A heavy carriage whip was found lying in the alley and this also supported Harold's story to his father. As told by Slocum, the struggle took place just where the alley from behind the parsonage came out upon the cross street.

"I claim the right to be heard [illegible] the Court refuses me the privilege of a word?"

"I was leading a horse," said Slocum, "and I met Harry and we got to talking, and something I said made him mad, and he jerked out his knife and jumped at me. The horse got scared and yanked me around, and just then Harry got his knife into me. I saw he was in for my life and I threw down the whip and run, the blood a-spurting out o' me, hot as b'lin' water. I was scared, I admit that. I thought he'd opened a big artery in me, and I guess he did."

When this story, amplified and made dramatic, reached the ears of the minister, he said: "That is Clinton's side of the case. My son must have been provoked beyond his control. Wait till we hear his story."

But the shadow of the prison was on Harold's face and he sullenly refused to make any statement, even to his sister, who had more influence over him than Mrs. Excell.

A singular and sinister change came over him as the days passed. He became silent and secretive and suspicious, and the Sheriff spoke to Mr. Excell about it. "I don't understand that boy of yours. He seems to be in training for a contest of some kind. He's quiet enough in daytime, or when I'm around, but when he thinks he's alone he races up and down like a lynx—and jumps and turns handsprings, and all sorts of things. The only person he asks to see is young Burns. I can't fathom him."

The father lowered his eyes. He knew well that Harry did not ask for him.

"If it wasn't for these suspicious actions, Doctor, I'd let him have the full run of the jail yard, but I dassent let him have any liberties—why, he can go up the side of the cells like a squirrel! He'd go over our wall like a cat—no doubt of it."

The minister spoke with some effort. "I think you misread my son. He is not one to flee from punishment. He has some other idea in his mind."

To Jack Burns alone, plain, plodding and slow, Harold showed a smiling face. He met him with a boyish word—"Hello, Jack! How goes it?"—and was eager to talk. He reached out and touched him with his hands wistfully.

"I'm glad you've come. You're the only friend I've got now, Jack." This was one of the morbid fancies jail life had developed; he thought everybody had turned against him. "Now, I want to tell you something—we're chums and you mustn't give me away: These fools think I'm going to try to escape, but I ain't. You see, they can't hang me for hurting that coward, but they'll shut me up for a year or two and I've got to keep healthy, don't you see? When I get out o' this I strike for the West, don't you see? And I've got to be able to do a day's work. Look at this arm." He stripped his strong, white arm for inspection.

In the midst of the excitement attending Harold's arrest, Dot's elopement was temporarily diminished in value, but some shrewd gossip connected the two events and said: "I believe Clint gibed Harry Excell about Dot—I just believe that's what the fight was about."

This being repeated, not as an opinion, but as the inside facts in the case, sentiment turned swiftly in Harold's favor. Clinton was shrewd enough to say very little about the quarrel. "I was just givin' him a little guff, and he up and hit into me with a big clasp knife." Such was his story constantly repeated.

Fortunately for Harold, the case came to trial early in the autumn session. It was the most dramatic event of the year, and it was seriously suggested that it would be a good thing to hold the trial in the opera house in order that all the townspeople should be able to enjoy it. A cynical young editor made a counter suggestion: "I move we charge one dollar per ticket and apply the funds to buying a fire engine." Naturally, the Judge of the district went the calm way of the law, regardless of the town's ferment of interest in the case.

—crashed into the central drug store and fell to the floor

The county attorney appeared for the prosecution, and old Judge Brown and young Bradley Talcott defended Harold

Bradley knew Harold very well and the boy had a high regard for him. Lawyer Brown believed the boy to be a restless and dangerous spirit, but he said to Bradley

"I've no doubt the boy was provoked by Clint, who is a worthless bully, but we must face the fact that young Excell bears a bad name. He has been in trouble a great many times, and the prosecution will make much of that Our business is to show the extent of the provocation, and, secondly, to disprove so far as we can the popular conception of the youth. I can get nothing out of him which will aid in his defense. He refuses to talk. Unless we can wring the truth out of Slocum on the stand it will go hard with the boy I wish you'd see what you can do"

Bradley went down to see Harold, and the two spent a couple of hours together. Bradley talked to him in plain and simple words, without any assumption His voice was kind and sincere, and Harold nearly wept under its music, but he added very little to Bradley's knowledge of the situation

"He struck me with the whip, and then I—I can't remember much about it, my mind was a kind of a red blur," Harold said, at last, desperately

"Why did he strike you with the whip?"

"I told him he was a black hearted liar"

"What made you say that to him?" persevered Bradley

Because that's what he was

"Did he say something to you which you resented?"

"Yes—he did,"

"What was it?"

Right there Harold closed his lips and Bradley took another tack

"Harry, I want you to tell me something. Did you have anything to do with killing Brownlow's dog?"

"No," replied Harold disdainfully.

"Did you have any hand in the raid on Brownlow's orchard a week later?"

"No; I was at home"

"Did your folks see you during the evening?"

"No; I was with Jack up in the attic, reading."

"You've taken a hand in *some* of these things—raids—haven't you?"

"Yes, but I never tried to destroy things It was all in fun"

"I understand. Well, now, Harold, you've got a worse name than belongs to you, and I wish you'd just tell me the whole truth about this fight, and we will do what we can to help you."

Harold's face grew sullen. "I don't care what they do with me. They're all down on me, anyway," he slowly said, and Bradley arose and went out with a feeling of discouragement

FOURTH CHAPTER—THE TRIAL

THE day of his trial came as a welcome change to Harold He had no fear of punishment and he hated delay. Every day before his sentence began was a loss of time—kept him just that much longer from the alluring lands to the West His father called often to see him, but the boy remained inexorably silent in all these meetings and the minister went away white with pain. Even to his sister Harold was abrupt and harsh, but Jack's devotion produced in him the most exalted emotion and he turned upon his loyal chum the whole force of his affectionate nature. He did not look up to Jack, he loved him more as a man loves his younger brother, and yet even to him he would not utter the words young Slocum had flung at him. Lawyer Talcott had asked young Burns to get at this if possible, for purpose of defense. But it was not possible.

The court met on the first Tuesday in September. The day was windless and warm, and as Harold walked across the yard with the Sheriff he looked around at the maple leaves, just touched with crimson and gold and russet, and his heart ached with desire to be free. The scent of the open air made his nostrils quiver like those of a deer. Jack met them on the path—eager to share his hero's trouble.

"Please, Sheriff, let me walk with Harry."

"Fall in behind," the Sheriff gruffly replied, and so out of all the town people Jack alone associated himself with the prisoner. Up the stairs whereon he had romped when a lad Harold climbed spiritlessly, a boy no longer.

The halls were lined with faces, every one as familiar as the scarred and scratched wall of the court room, and yet all were now alien—no one recognized him by a frank and friendly nod, and he moved past his old companions with sullen and rigid face. His father met him at the door and walked beside him down the aisle to a seat

The benches were crowded and every foot of standing space was soon filled. The members of the First Church were present in mass to see the minister enter, pale and haggard with the disgrace of his son.

The Judge, an untidy old man of great ability and probity, was in his seat, looking out absently over the spectators. "The next case" to him was *only* a case. He had grown gray in dealing with infractions of the law, and though kindly disposed he had grown indifferent—use had dulled his sympathies. His beard, yellow with tobacco stain, was still venerable, and his voice, deep and melodious, was impressive and commanding

He was disposed to cut short all useless forms and soon brought the case to vital questions. Naturally, the prosecution made a great deal of Harold's bad character, drawing from ready witnesses the story of his misdeeds. To do this was easy for the current set that way and those who had only *thought* Harold a bad boy now [illegible] that he was one of the chief mischief of the village.

In rebuttal, Mr. Talcott drew out contradictory statements from these witnesses and proved several alibis at points where Harold had been accused. He produced Jack Burns and several others to prove that Harold liked fun, but that he was not inclined to lead in any of the mischief of the town—in fact, that he had not the quality of leadership

He pushed young Burns hard to get him to say that he knew the words of insult which Slocum had used. "I think he used some girl's name," he finally admitted

"I object," shouted the prosecution, as if touched on a hidden spring

"Go on," said the Judge to Talcott. He had become interested in the case at last.

When the lawyer for the prosecution cross-examined young Burns he became terrible. He leaned across the table and shook his lean, big, jointed finger in Jack's face. "We don't want what you *think*, sir; we want what you know. Do you *know* that Slocum brought a girl's name into this?"

"No, sir, I don't," replied Jack, red and perspiring

"That's all!" cried the attorney, leaning back in his chair with dramatic complacency

Others of Harold's companions were browbeaten into declaring that he led them into all kinds of raids, and when Talcott tried to stem this tide by objection, the prosecution rose to say that the testimony was competent; that it was designed to show the dangerous character of the prisoner. "He is no gentle and guileless youth, Your Honor, but a reckless young devil, given to violence. No one will go further than I in admiration of the Reverend Mr. Excell, but the fact of the son's lawless life cannot be gainsaid"

Slocum repeated his story on the stand and was unshaken by Bradley's cross-examination. Suddenly the defense said, "Stand, please."

Slocum arose—a powerful, full grown man.

Bradley nodded at Harold. "Stand, also."

"I object," shrieked the prosecution.

"State the objection," said the Judge

"Keep your position," said Bradley sternly. "I want the jury to compare you"

As the prisoner and the witness faced each other, the courtroom blossomed with smiles. Harold looked very quiet and delicate beside the coarse, muscular hostler, who turned red and looked foolish

Ultimately the Judge sustained the objection, but the work was done. A dramatic contrast had been drawn, and the jury perceived the pusillanimity of Slocum's story. This was the position of the defense. Harold was a boy, the hostler had insulted him, had indeed struck him with a whip. Mad with rage, and realizing the greater strength of his assailant, the prisoner had drawn a knife

In rebuttal, the prosecution made much of Harold's fierce words. He meant to kill He was a dangerous boy "Speaking with due reverence for his parents," the lawyer said, "the boy has been a scourge. Again and again he has threatened his playmates with death. These facts must stand. The State is willing to admit the disparity of strength, so artfully set forth by the defense, but it must not be forgotten that the boy was known to carry deadly weapons, and that he was subject to blind rages. It was not, therefore, so much a question of punishing the boy as of checking his assaults upon society. To punish him properly here would have a most salutary effect upon his action in future The jury must consider the case without sentiment."

Old Brown arose after the State had finished. Every one knew his power before a jury, and the room was painfully silent as he walked with stately trend to a spittoon and cleared his mouth of a big wad of tobacco. He was the old-fashioned lawyer: formal, deliberate, and though everybody enjoyed Bradley Talcott's powerful speech, they looked for drama from Brown. The Judge waited patiently while the famous old lawyer played his introductory part. At last, after silently pacing to and fro for a full minute, he turned, and began in a hard, dry, nasal voice

"Your Honor, I'm not so sure of the reforming effect of a penitentiary. I question the salutary quality of herding this delicate and high-spirited youth with the hardened criminals of the State." His strident, monotonous tone, and the cynical inflections of his voice made the spectators shiver with emotion as under the power of a great actor. He paced before the Judge twice before speaking again. "Your Honor, there is more in this case than has yet appeared. Every one in this room knows that the elopement of Dorothy Burland is at the bottom of this affair, every one but yourself, Judge. This lad was the accepted sweetheart of that wayward miss. This man Slocum is one of the rough, loud spoken men of the village, schooled in vice and fisticuffery. You can well imagine, gentlemen of the jury," he turned to them abruptly, "you can well imagine the kind of a greeting this town loafer would give this high-spirited boy on that morning after the night when his inamorata disappeared with a married man. The boy has in him somewhat of the knight of the old time, Your Honor; he has never opened his lips in dispraise of his faithless love. He has refused to repeat the insulting words of his assailant. He stands today at a turning point of his life, gentlemen of the jury, and it depends on you whether he goes downward or upward He has had his faith in women shaken; don't let him lose faith in law and earthly justice." His first gesture was on the word "downward," and it was superb

Again he paused, and when he looked up again a twinkle was in his eyes and his voice was softer. "As for all this chicken-roasting and melon-lifting, you well know the spirit that is in that; we all had a hand in such business once, every man Jack of us. The boy is no more culpable now than you were then. Moreover, Excell has had too much of the mischief of the town laid on his shoulders—more than he deserves. 'Give a dog a bad name and every dead sheep is laid at the door of his kennel.'

"However, I don't intend to review the case, Your Honor! My colleague has made the main and vital points entirely clear; I intend merely to add a word here and there. I want you to take another look at that pale, handsome, poetic youth and then at that burly bully, and consider the folly, the idiocy and the cowardice of the charge brought against our client." He waited while the contrast which his dramatic utterance made enormously effective was being felt—then, in a deep, melodious voice, touched with sadness, he addressed the Judge.

"And to you, Your Honor, I want to say, we are old men. You on the bench and I here in the forum have faced each other many times. I have defended many criminals, as it was my duty to do, and you have punished many who deserved their sentences. I have seen innocent men unable to prove their freedom from guilt, and I have known men who are grossly criminal, because of lack of evidence—these things are beyond our cure. We are old, Your Honor: we must soon give place to younger men. We cannot afford to leave bench and bar with the stain of injustice on our garments. We cannot afford to start this boy on the road to hell at seventeen years of age."

He stopped as abruptly as he had begun, and the room was silent for a long time after he had taken his seat. To Harold it seemed as though he and all the people of the room were dead—that only his brain was alive. Then Mrs. Excell burst into sobbing. The Judge looked away into space, his dim eyes seeing nothing that was near, his face an impassive mask of colorless flesh. The old lawyer's words had stirred his blood, sluggish and cold with age, but his brain absorbed the larger part of his roused vitality, and when he spoke his voice had an unwontedly flat and dry sound

"The question for you to decide," he said, instructing the jury, "is whether the boy struck the blow in self-defense, or whether he assaulted with intent to do great bodily injury. The fact that he was provoked by a man older and stronger than himself naturally militates in his favor, but the next question is upon the boy's previous character. Did he carry deadly weapons? Is he at heart dangerous to his fellows? His youth should be in mind, but it should also be remembered that he is a lad of high intellectual power, older than most boys of his age. I will not dwell upon the case, you have heard the testimony; the verdict is in your keeping"

During all this period of severe mental strain Mr. Excell sat beside Lawyer Brown, motionless as a statue save when now and again he leaned forward to whisper a suggestion He did not look at his son, and Harold seldom looked at him. Jack Burns sat as near the prisoner as the Sheriff would permit, and his homely, good face and the face of the Judge were to Harold the only spots of light in the otherwise dark room. Outside, the voices of children could be heard and the sound of the rising wind in the rustling trees. Once a breeze sent a shower of yellow and crimson leaves fluttering in at the open window, and the boy's heart swelled high in his throat, and he bowed his head and sobbed Those leaves represented the splendor of the open spaces to him They were like messages from the crimson sunsets of the golden West and his heart thrilled at the sight of them

It was long after twelve o'clock and an adjournment for dinner was ordered. Harold was about to be led away when his father came to him and said

"Harold, would you like to have your mother and me go to dinner with you?"

With that same unrelenting, stubborn frown on his face the boy replied "No—let me alone"

A hot flush swept over the preacher's face. "Very well," he said, and turned away, his lips twitching

The jury was not long out. They were ready to report at three o'clock Every seat was filled, as before The lawyers came in, picking their teeth or smoking. The ladies were in Sunday dress, the young men were accompanied by their girls, as if the trial were a dramatic entertainment Those who failed of regaining their seats were much annoyed; others more thrifty had hired boys to keep their places for them during the noon hour, and others, still more determined having brought lunches, had remained in their seats throughout the intermission and were serene and satisfied

Harold was brought back to his seat, looking less haggard. He was not afraid of sentence: on the contrary, he longed to have the suspense end

"I don't care what they do with me if they don't use up too much of my life," he said to Jack "I'd pound rock or live in a dungeon if it will only shorten my sentence I hate to think of losing time. Oh, if I had only gone last year!"

The Reverend Excell came in looming high above the crowd, his face still white and set He paid no heed to his parishioners, but made his way to the side of Lawyer Brown. The Judge mounted his bench and the court-room came to order instantly

"Is the jury ready to report on the case of the State vs. Excell?" he asked in a low voice. He was informed that they were agreed After the jury had taken their seats he said blandly, mechanically "Gentlemen, we are ready for your verdict"

Harold knew the foreman very well. He was a carpenter and joiner, in whose shop he had often played: a big, bluff, good hearted man whom any public speaking appalled and who stammered badly as he read from a little slip of paper: "Guilty of assault with intent to commit great bodily injury, but recommended to the mercy of the Judge." Then with one hand in his breeches pocket he added "Be easy on him, Judge; I believe I'd 'a' done the same."

The spectators tittered at his abrupt change of tone and some of the young people applauded. He sat down very hot and red

The Judge did not smile nor frown his expressionless face seemed more like a mask than ever. When he began to speak it was as though he were reading something writ in huge letters on a distant wall

"The Court is quite sensible of the extenuating circumstances attending this sad case, but there are far reaching considerations which the Court cannot forget. Here is a youth of good family who elects to take up a life filled with mischief from the start. Discipline has been lacking Here, at last, he so far oversteps the law that he appears before a jury. It seems to the Court necessary, for this young man's own good, that he feel the harsh hand of the law. According to the evidence adduced here to-day, he has been for years beyond the control of his parents and must now know the inflexible purpose of law. I have in mind all that can be said in his favor: his youth, the disparity of age and physical power between himself and his accuser the provocation and the possession of the whip by the accuser but all these are more than counterbalanced by the record of mischief and violence which stands against the prisoner

There was a solemn pause, and the Judge sternly said "Prisoner, stand up." Harold arose. "For an assault committed upon the person of one Clinton Slocum I now sentence you, Harold Excell, to one year in the penitentiary, and may you there learn to respect the life and property of your fellow citizens

Judge! I beg—" The tall form of Mr Excell arose seeking to speak

The Judge motioned him to silence

Brown interposed: "I hope the Court will not refuse to hear the father of the prisoner. It would be scant justice if——"

Mr. Excell's voice arose, harsh, stern and quick. He spoke like the big man he was, firm and decided. Harold looked up at him in surprise

"I claim the right to be heard, will the Court refuse me the privilege of a word?" His voice was a challenge. "I am known in this community. For seven years as a minister of the Gospel I have lived among these citizens. My son is about to be condemned to State's prison, and before he goes I want to make a statement here before him and before the Judge and before the world. I understand this boy better than any of you, better than the mother who bore him, for I have given him the disposition which he bears. I have had from my youth the same murderous rages; I have them yet I love my son, Your Honor, and I would take him in my arms if I could but he has too much of my own spirit. He literally cannot meet me as an affectionate son for I sacrificed his good will by harsh measures while he was yet a babe. I make this confession in order that the Court may understand my relation to my son. He was born with my own temper mingled with the poetic nature of his mother While he was yet a lad I beat him till he was discolored by bruises Twice I would have killed him only for the intervention of my wife. I have tried to live down my infirmity, Your Honor, and I have at last secured control of myself, and I believe this boy will do the same, but do not send him to be an associate with criminals My God, do not treat him as I would not do, even in my worst moments. Give him a chance to reform outside State's prison. Don't fix on him that stain. I will not say send me—that would be foolish trickery—but I beg you to make some other disposition of this boy of mine. If he goes to the penitentiary I shall strip from my shoulders the dress of the clergyman and go with him, to be near to aid and comfort him during the term of his sentence. Let the father in you speak for me, Judge. Be merciful as we all hope for mercy on the great day."

The Judge looked out over the audience of weeping women and his face warmed into life. He turned to the minister, who still stood before him with hand outstretched, and when he spoke his voice was softened and his eyes were kindly

"The Court has listened to the words of the father with peculiar interest. The Court *is* a father and has been at a loss to understand the relations existing between father and son in this case. The Court thinks he understands them better now. As counsel for the defense has said, I am an old man, soon to leave my seat upon the bench, and I do not intend to let foolish pride or dry legal formalities stand between me and the doing of justice. The jury has decided that the boy is guilty, but has recommended him to the mercy of the Court. The plea of the father has enlightened the Court on one of two most vital points. Nothing is further from the mind of the Court than the desire to do injury to a handsome and talented boy. Believing that the father and son are about to become more closely united, the Court here transmutes the sentence to one hundred dollars fine and six months in the county jail. This will make it possible for the son and father to meet often and the father can continue his duties to the church This the Court decides upon as the final disposition of the accused The case is closed Call the next case"

[TO BE CONTINUED]

—and there, in the face of a crowd of curious people, the minister bowed his proud head and put his arm about his son and kissed him

Hance's Proof

MRS. EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER, the author, is a Vassar graduate and a daughter of the late Congressman Sessions, of New York State. Probably the most interesting trip she ever took was through the Grand Cañon of the Colorado a year or so ago. She made the acquaintance there of John Hance, of Arizona, who lives in the cañon the year round and who knows more about it than any man living Hance is a picturesque character with a vivid imagination, and this is some of the information he imparted to the tourist

"Captain," Mrs Tupper asked one morning as they sat before his cabin door on the rim of the cañon, "what was the greatest peril of your life?"

Hance considered a moment and then said "I reckon about as nigh as I ever come ter going ter Kingdom Come was when my hoss jumped fourteen hundred feet into the cañon with me on his back" Then he eyed Mrs Tupper reflectively to see how she took it. She hesitated a moment and then replied

"Of course, Captain, I realize that I am new out here, but you cannot expect me to believe any such story as that"

The Captain rose promptly, and leading his visitor to the very edge of the precipice demanded "Now, then, ma'am, do you see suthin' white down there on the trail?"

Mrs. Tupper acknowledged that she did

"Well," he said with an important grin, "that there white pile you see is the white bones of that there hoss of mine a bleachin'"

And although Mrs. Tupper knew that the pile of bleaching bones on the trail belonged to a pack animal recently killed, she had not a word to say

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

421 to 427 Arch Street

SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1900

$2.50 the Year by Subscription
5 Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

Paris and Its Charity Bazar Prices

IT SEEMS likely that Parisians, whose hatred of the English is equaled only by their contempt for the average American tourist, are to be wounded in their most vulnerable spot—the pocketbook. Preparations for an unparalleled plucking of the Anglo-Saxon race have been going forward in Paris, steadily, joyously, for several years back. The ending of the century furnished a pretext; a great exposition to celebrate it would prove the magnet to attract the loose dollars and sovereigns of the English-speaking world. An expansive smile of unctuous anticipation settled on the Parisian countenance, and the steamship companies raised the rates.

Though Americans have not entirely forgotten that it was unsafe to be a citizen of the United States in France during the early weeks of the Spanish-American War, and Englishmen will long remember the unspeakable insults offered to the Queen by certain Paris journals, they would doubtless have visited the Exposition in overwhelming numbers had it not been for the folly of those most to be benefited by their attendance. The French idea of profit is overcharge; of good business, extortion. And before their Fair, in all its incompleteness, was opened, the shop and hotel keepers had discarded the methods of the second story man for those of the highway robber. Life in Paris, always a long list of extras for the tourist, had itself become an extra.

Not only was this bad business, but bad brigandage as well. Good sense should have dictated excursion rates on steamship and railroad, for it is more profitable to carry the million at a low fare than the thousand at a high one; and cheap accommodations, for there is more money in feeding and housing the crowd at coupon prices than the few at a fancy tariff. And then, once there, the Extra could have been brought out of hiding and let loose among the crowd, to take what the shopkeeper and the Midway spared.

It is too early yet to tell just how far Parisians have overreached themselves; for the steamship companies have already taken alarm and lowered their rates, but it is safe to say that thousands of Americans and Englishmen who intended to visit the Exposition have been frightened off by the premature fleecing of the advance guard of their compatriots. And for the Exposition to be the great financial success expected it must have the Anglo-Saxon contingent.

But even should it become possible now to make the trip and see the sights at a reasonable outlay, it is doubtful whether it is worth the time and trouble of the average American. Early reports indicate a rather second-class affair, inferior in size, in beauty and in completeness to the great Chicago Exposition. To those who saw the White City by the Lake, the Paris Fair would probably be a disappointment, and those who did not will doubtless have an opportunity to visit something better worth seeing at home early in the new century.

Woman is judged by her dress; man by his address.

The American Steer in Trouble

THE day that Congressman Dolliver prophesied, "when the American hog, with a curl of contentment in his tail, should travel untrammeled through the markets of the world," has not yet come, and now the American steer is in trouble. That obliging and adaptable beast, who generously yields up his choicest fat that on the kind-eyed cow alone may not devolve the labor of furnishing butter for the world's bread, who goes down into the refrigerating fleet by thousands that the roast beef of old England may not become merely a tradition, is threatened with expulsion from Germany, for whose comfort his plumpest bologna and his juiciest brisket, packed in tins of convenient sizes, have always been ready.

Something of the sort was to have been looked for as a sequence to the war time, embalmed beef talk. But whether or no the Government was then made the victim of injudicious experiment or the grasping avarice of one or two contractors, any one who is familiar with the facts knows that American food products are on the whole the best and the cleanest in the world; that our canned beef is finer in color and quality, and cleaner and more wholesome than that exported from "the Argentine" or put up in Europe. Discrimination against the American steer is unfair and unjust to an animal that feeds over the finest ranges, is fattened on the best corn, is killed, corned and tucked away in neat little tins by the cleanest possible methods and most scientific machinery in the world.

At best, retaliation is bad business, but we must have justice for the American steer even though we have to impose a prohibitive tariff on barons and pretzels and Noah's Arks.

One reason why pride goeth before a fall is that pride is able to raise itself high enough for the fall.

The Rage for Lectures

A GREAT deal of ridicule has been expended on "the rage for lectures," as it is called, which characterizes the American people, especially in New England. Instead of diminishing, through the satiety of hearers, the number of courses of lectures in our large towns is steadily increasing, and the throngs of listeners are swelling with each successive season. In Boston, the hotbed of lectures, the various courses at the Lowell Institute during the last winter attracted more than the usual number of hearers, and all the tickets for the last course, on Birds, were snapped up in fifteen minutes, to the great disappointment of hundreds who were anxious to secure seats.

This craze for lectures, as it is called by a certain class of literary cynics, is the theme from time to time of a great deal of owlish wisdom and cheap ridicule. The object of these lectures, it is said, is not to convey a thorough exposition of any subject, but merely to put in a lively and attractive form so much of it as is agreeable and entertaining, and to hide all the elaborate research and abstruse reasoning by which the results have been reached. The lecturer is deemed to have gained his point if he has skillfully dressed a rather spare dish of knowledge with occasional paradoxes, brilliant epigrams and startling discoveries of science, and sent away his audience pleased and tickled with the conceit of having gone to the bottom of a subject, or at least of having secured its pith and essence, when they have only skimmed its surface.

What can be more foolish, the cynic triumphantly asks, than thus to waste one's time and money and imperil one's health in the foul atmosphere of a crowded, stuffy, draughty lecture-room, when he can obtain the very same information, and a great deal more, in a popular treatise by a master of the subject, whose pages, when necessarily abstruse, he can read again and, moreover, can recur to, whenever he finds their contents slipping from a weak or treacherous memory?

The answer to these questions is not far to seek. Hundreds of persons go to public lectures as a pleasant and intellectual recreation. They do not expect, or, perhaps, care to obtain, a thorough knowledge or mastery of the subject discussed, but simply to possess themselves of its leading principles, its most pregnant or suggestive truths, and to learn the latest limits to which its investigation has been pushed. It sometimes happens that a frequenter of lectures, with no higher motives than these, finds his curiosity so piqued, his interest so stimulated, that the lecturer's discussion only whets his appetite, and he never rests till he has given years to its study and probed it to the quick.

The men who talk of "the lecture craze" seem to overlook the fact that "the rapture of noble words rushing across kingly lips" is a most powerful attraction. Oratory is the most intellectual and the most impassioned of the arts, and when the lecturer has rare elocutionary gifts, the charm of his speech is doubled. Again, the personality of the speaker, especially if he is a man of magnetic presence and national or world-wide fame, is a legitimate and potent attraction. Sometimes it is a matter of more interest than the lesson taught. Why do men flock, at great cost, to hear Hamlet or Macbeth at the theatre, when, without a penny's expense, they can read the masterpieces of tragedy at home?

To all such questions the answer is that no other attraction can rival that of the living presence. The knowledge conveyed by books is impersonal. It is cold and unpenetrating, compared with that which comes from the lips of a living teacher. One word alive and burning with the passion of a speaker has more significance than a hundred dead ones in a volume.

"Show me," said Omar, the caliph, to Amru, the warrior, "the sword with which you have fought so many battles and slain so many infidels." "Ah!" replied Amru, "the sword without the arm of the master is no sharper or heavier than the sword of Farezdak, the poet."

The man who waits for the office to seek him is satisfied in his own pride, but lonesome.

The Line of Colonial Pilferers

THE claim made by friends of the Administration, that the officials now charged with complicity in the Cuban postal frauds were men of tried honesty and efficiency, is at first comforting. But upon second thought, material for disquieting reflection is found in this claim. If these officials were men of probity prior to their connection with the Cuban posts, what changed their nature and their character? Undoubtedly their new environment.

At a home post an official is hedged about with checks of every kind; his actions are open to the observation of fellow-officials, the public, and, in these days, to the examination of an inquisitive press. There is, also, the restraining influence of home and the feeling of self-respect that is strongest when a man is among people he knows and whose good opinion he covets. Far from home and engaged in the work of inaugurating a new system of administration, none of these checks and restraints lie upon the official. And it is the lesson of history that men are likely to "go wrong" under such circumstances. It is this reflection that suggests that our first steps in the territory that has just come under our ownership or control are likely to be impeded by the peculation and maladministration that have always marked the early days of colonial governments, from the time of the rapacious governors of Greece and Rome, from the days of Clive and Hastings, to the thieving administrators of German, French and Belgian African possessions of to-day. These three nations are now going through the experience of England a century ago, when the East and West Indies and India afforded happy hunting grounds for the avaricious colonial official, and when Cowper complained

> That thieves at home must hang, but he that puts
> Into his overgorged and bloated purse
> The wealth of Indian provinces escapes.

England long since profited by her experience, and now her colonial officials are the pride of the Empire. Spain, as old as England in colonial experience, never learned; to the last her officials regarded her colonial treasuries as tills to be pilfered. The lesson of the past policy and present position of the two nations is too obvious to call for comment.

We shall not, of course, see in the possessions for which we became responsible at the close of the war with Spain the old orgies of official fraud and peculation and malfeasance, and there are good grounds upon which to base the belief that our administration of Cuba, Puerto Rico and the Philippines will be marked by few, if any more, such scandals as that uncovered in the postal department of Cuba. Enough has been learned, however, from our own brief experience, and more may be learned from the experience of others, to show that good men may suddenly develop into thieves under the temptations afforded by the laxness of new and unguarded governments of distant colonies, and that something more than care in the selection of officials is needed to prevent such scandals as the present ones.

—D. T. PIERCE.

Honesty in business, constancy in love, and the front second-story room at the summer boarding-house make up real success in life.

The Straightening of Crooked Politics

SLOWLY but surely the professional politicians and the men who place the dollar above the ballot are being made to realize that the movement for honest elections in this country is neither a farce nor a spasm. It is proceeding with all the solemn earnestness of a new commandment. Always it takes years to correct a wrong, to upset established ideas and conditions. It was more than a decade ago that sincere men began a crusade against the criminals high and low who make a business of corrupting the suffrage. One of the laws was the corrupt practices act which compelled every candidate to make a statement of his campaign expenses. It was laughed at as one of those chimerical notions which reformers sometimes have. "A man who would buy an election would not hesitate to lie about it," said the opposition very logically. But it so happened that a man who would spend money secretly for bribery and other criminal means got scared when he faced the dilemma of either telling the truth under oath, or of convicting himself as a perjurer. And thus the results have come to pass.

Not long ago, in an election in New York, a candidate for a judgeship admitted in his own handwriting that he contributed $10,000 to a party organization that had no more right to it than it had to a church collection. Recently we have seen one of the richest men in the whole United States turned out of the United States Senate. The fact that did as much as anything else to make the vote of the committee unanimous was his neglect to obey the law and to file a true account of his election expenses.

If is hard to exaggerate the tremendous importance of these laws. Said a distinguished Judge the other day: "In my circuit is a county which had probably the highest average of morality of any population of its size in the world. Twelve years ago the use of large sums of money in elections began, and the demoralization that has steadily followed is almost incredible. It has robbed men of their honor and women of their virtue. It has broken up homes and, in fact, has contributed to every grade of crime, including murder."

The same story could be told in other States and regions. However trite and familiar the term may be—for we hear it at the hustings every year—the ballot is the palladium of our liberties, and when thieves control it, and rich men corrupt it, the evils that result are as many as those which flew from the casket of Pandora. The great consolation is that progress is being made, and that the rascals who laughed at reform are finding that, after all, there is something in it.

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS

At the English Capital

EVEN Lords have their virtues. Serving in South Africa at the time of writing there are more than forty Lords There are four Dukes, viz.: the Duke of Norfolk, who is the premier Duke of the Kingdom; the Duke of Westminster, who is the richest aristocrat in England, the Duke of Marlborough, descendant of the famous fighter, and whose wife is your own Consuela Vanderbilt, and the Duke of Roxburghe, who is just a plain, every-day, sober, ordinary Duke; he is a young man who is serving as Lieutenant in the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards, better known to readers of English society novels as "The Blues." Of Earls there are almost any quantity, and they count among their number the Earl of Dunraven, whom some of the readers of The Saturday Evening Post may remember in connection with a race or so for the American Cup, and the Earl of Erroll, who formerly commanded the Royal Horse Guards.

In connection with Lords and war I have heard a story which brings in the name of the Earl of Rosebery, upon whose shoulders the mantle of Mr. Gladstone was supposed to fall He has kept ominously quiet on the question of the war, and, perhaps, this has annoyed certain sections of the public. Anyhow, after a meeting one night, some roughs, for reasons best known to themselves, shied a few odds and ends at his carriage. The occurrence was recorded in the newspapers. Now, the Earl has sons at Eton, and in English public schools young aristocrats are always roughly handled and quickly have any snobbishness that may be in them jostled out. On the morning after the vegetable-flying episode, a bright Eton boy shouted across to one of Rosebery's sons

"I say, Primrose, that governor of yours is a pretty [illegible] man. He's got Kipling to advertise you, [illegible]"

Young Primrose did not know what was meant, of course.

"Why, you're the only son of a pelted Earl I know of."

Since then Rosebery's son has been called nothing else than "son of a pelted Earl" Here it may be mentioned that Lord Brooke, heir to the Warwick title and estates, is at the front with French's cavalry He is not yet eighteen years of age, and is the youngest Lord on the shoot

Lord Haddo's White Ribbon Studies

Another Lord story. Lord Haddo, eldest son of the Earl of Aberdeen, has just come of age amid great rejoicing up Scotland way. Lord Aberdeen, it will be remembered, was Governor General of Canada, and Lady Aberdeen there, as over here, took an energetic part in temperance and other social reform work. Both Lord and Lady Aberdeen have brains, and know how to use them, but, to all appearances, young Lord Haddo, the heir to the Earldom, will set no river afire, even though it be made of more inflammable material than the Thames. When Aberdeen was in Canada he sent Lord Haddo across to France in charge of a French tutor. The two were to cycle together through the most glorious districts of France, to see the scenery, and instruct themselves in the customs and language of the country and all that. Well, the unfortunate tutor was driven almost to despair before he could bid good-by to the wheel and take to a transatlantic liner again. To begin with, his pupil could not summon up presence of mind in the most innocent of circumstances, and if a dog trotted across the road a hundred yards ahead of his bicycle Haddo would lose his grip, the machine would wobble and, let his teacher shout what warnings he might, the young aristocrat would find himself pitched into the hedge by the roadside. One thing in the young Lord's favor was that he never lost his good nature, and would pick himself up, laughing heartily, mount again without complaint, and ride on bravely to meet the next disaster, which was sure to befall him inside of the hour. One of the districts through which tutor and Lord cycled was the Champagne region. For two days they had peddled their way along winding roads between immense, interminable vineyards, the vines then in full leaf. Not a tree was to be seen, not a bush, nothing but vines, vines, vines. On the afternoon of the second day Haddo called out to his tutor in a thin, boyish voice: "Teach teacher!" "Well, what is it, Haddo" cautiously nodding his head to the vines that clad the countryside, the young Lord said "I say, teacher, those are hops, are they not?" The tutor fell off the machine this time

The Shuffling of London Editors

I notice that of all the experts who are writing in the English newspapers, criticising day by day the various changes of the campaign in South Africa, there is no one of them whose opinions are so generally quoted both in England and the United States as Spencer Wilkinson, of the Morning Post For many years Mr. Wilkinson has been a famous writer on all things pertaining to military matters, but the public looked for his articles only in the more expensive reviews or in book form. None dreamt of meeting with his name in the columns of a penny paper. Yet all those years he had been writing away day by day for the Morning Post, and no one a whit the wiser. But a born journalist changed all that That born journalist was and is James Nicol Dunn Mr. Dunn is a Scotsman of course. In the beginning of things I believe he worked for the Scotsman, Scotland's greatest daily, but some ten or twelve years ago he joined the poet Henly, and together they produced the S[illegible] Observer, a spirited, somewhat acid weekly, to which, it will be remembered, Kipling contributed before overwhelming success came to him. The Scots Observer ran a course of literary brilliance and financial distress, left its native northland and journeyed to London like an invalid in a panic for health, only to hesitate, decline and die. Shortly before the coppers were placed upon its eyes, Dunn was offered and accepted the position of news editor on Astor's paper, the Pall Mall Gazette, and held that post during the brilliant run of the paper under Editor Harry Cust Shortly before the Astor-Cust quarrel, which resulted in the clever editor's resignation, Dunn took upon his shoulders the editorship of Black and White, one of the most successful of big British illustrated weeklies. In fact, Dunn undoubtedly made Black and White, and placed it alongside the Graphic and News in popular favor. Then the editorial chair of the Morning Post fell vacant, and James Nicol Dunn, parting his coat-tails, sat down in it. On that day a marvelous change came over the Post. It hitherto had a moderately large circulation, but was read exclusively by women, who devoured the fashionable intelligence and general snobbery that filled its columns to the exclusion of vital news. The ladies still buy, but so do the men now, for Dunn has made the Morning Post one of the most virile and progressive d[illegible] Kingdom. He found writing in his columns anony[illegible] number of celebrated men One day before the paper went to press he issued instructions, and the next morning people were startled and delighted to see, by signatures to articles, cablegrams and news, that many able men had been induced to contribute to the Post. Among those signatures there [illegible] more popular than Spencer Wilkinson, who, like the rest of them, for years had been writing the same sort of articles that are now so widely quoted. There is something to be said in favor of editors, after all—that is, some editors

A New Kipling Conundrum

Kipling has returned to his home in England, and is once again a sober, suburban gentleman down Brighton way After a lifetime spent in writing soldiers' stories, songs and verse, he has been studying hospital trains and giving his observations to the press here. No doubt those observations were widely read in the States as well as in the United Kingdom. Now, in the London Press Club, the most practical institution of its kind in the world, there is a limited circle of members—a circle never likely to grow larger—that sits around and indulges in spelling-bees and conundrum compounding whilst waiting for the hour to arrive when duty calls. The other day these journalists were racking their brains in order to confound each other with subtle conundrums when one sprung this on his fellow-sufferers: "Which one of Gilbert and Sullivan's operas is Kipling the reverse of?" When they gave it up he made answer: "Why, the opera is called Ruddygore, whereas Kipling is Gory Rud.'

The Evolution of the London Policeman

If Professor Ray Lankester, the controller of that vast storehouse of art treasures and curiosities, South Kensington Museum, accepts the latest knickknack that has been offered him, the Paris Exhibition will be compelled to take a back seat this year. All artistic America, and many in the United States who have no claim to ability in art, will remember that three or four years ago the famous Professor came up from his University to London to attend a farewell dinner to a friend. Leaving the dining room, Professor Lankester proceeded to walk across Piccadilly to his club when he suddenly came upon a knot of quarreling people He paused to look on, and his pause was disastrous. A burly policeman strode up to the learned man and ordered him to move on. Lankester indignantly told the policeman to mind his own business The policeman minded it according to his lights, by haling the austere Professor to the Vine Street Police Station and locking him up as a disorderly character

After some considerable trouble the agitated Professor got bail and next morning appeared before Newton, the most unjust magistrate London has seen for many a long day Great men, famous men of all sorts and kinds, came forward on behalf of the Professor, but to no purpose. The evidence of the police was quite enough for Newton who, in the end, inflicted a fine. This caused a great storm against the London police and since then the "peelers" have been a little more careful

Well, Professor Lankester has now taken charge of South Kensington Museum and, among other attractions, he is arranging objects in order according to the Darwinian theory For instance, a jungle fowl stands surrounded by specimens of the breeds of barnyard fowl that have sprung from her; a rock pigeon, an ordinary looking bird, has around it the fancy breeds, and even the oyster is made to illustrate development otherwise than in a stew. When this enterprise was announced, the Professor received a letter from the medical students of St Bartholomew's Hospital. Now, medical students in London do not love policemen The St Bart's boys wrote congratulating Professor Ray Lankester on his idea, and said they were desirous of assisting him. They remembered his little matter at Vine Street, and if he would arrange a glass case containing a jackal, a rhinoceros, a fox and a jackass, they would undertake to supply him with an embalmed policeman to represent the development of the combination The Professor is considering the matter

'Angin' 'Enry 'Awkins Bested

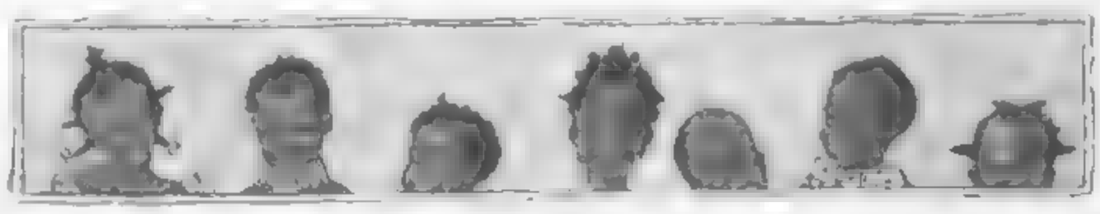
Only sporting men in America will be likely to know anything of the "Waterloo Cup" The Waterloo Cup, nevertheless, is one of the greatest sporting events that annually come off in this land of outdoor recreations; it is, in fact, the greyhound Derby The greyhound that wins the Waterloo Cup occupies the position in dog society that the Derby winner does in horse land. But many in the United States have heard of our great hanging Judge, Sir Henry Hawkins Hawkins is supposed to have taken a keen delight in sentencing murderers to the gallows, certainly he was very prolific of executions. He has now retired from the bench, being created Lord Brampton, and occupies a seat in the House of Lords

During the running of the Waterloo Cup Lord Brampton happened to stroll out into the lobby of the House of Lords wherein stands the "tape," or "ticker," machine A crowd stood around watching for the news as it was ticked out. At the moment the ex-Judge entered a strange record came over the wires, and a subdued shout went up to the late Judge Hawkins to read the news. Lord Brampton hastened over and read

"Waterloo Cup—Backslider beat Judge [illegible]"

Lord Brampton grinned and said

"Well, I don't think he ever did in the law courts" —E. W. SABEL



The Turning of the Babies in the Bed

By Paul Laurence Dunbar

Women sho' is cur'ous critters, an' dey ain't no doubtin' dat,
She's a mess of funny capahs f'om huh slippahs to huh hat
Ef you tries to un'erstan' huh, an' you fails, des' up an' say:
"D'ain't a bit o' use to try to un'erstan' a woman's way"

I don' mean to be complainin', but I's jes' a-settin' down
Some o' my own observations, w'en I cas' my eye eroun'.
Ef you ax me fu' to prove it, I kin do it moughty fine.
Fu' dey ain't no bettah 'zample den dis ve'y wife o' mine.

In de ve'y hea't o' midnight, w'en I's sleepin' good an' soun',
I kin hyeah a so'tah rustlin' an' somebody movin' 'roun'.
An' I say, "Lize, what you doin' ?" But she frown an' shek huh haid,
"Hesh yo' mouf, I's only turnin' of de chillun in de bed.

"Don' you know a chile gits restless, layin' all de night one way?
An' you' got to kind o' 'range him sev'al times befo' de day?
So de little necks won't worry, an' de little backs won't break,
Don' you think case chillun's chillun dey hain't got no pain an' ache."

So she stakes 'em, an' she twists 'em, an' she tu'ns 'em 'roun' erbout.
"T'well I don' see how de chillun evah keeps f'om hollahin' out.
Den she lit's 'em up head down'ards, so's dey won't git livah-grown,
But dey snoozes des' ez peaceful ez a lizard on a stone.

W'en hits mos' nigh time fu' wakin' on de dawn o' jedgment day,
Seems lak I kin hyeah ol' Gab'iel lay his trumpet down an' say,
"Who dat walkin' 'roun' so easy, down on earth ermong de dead?"—
"I will be Lize up a-turnin' of de chillun in de bed.

The Kidnaping of President Lincoln

By Joel Chandler Harris

AUTHOR OF UNCLE REMUS AND HIS FRIENDS, WHY THE CONFEDERACY FAILED, CHRONICLES OF AUNT MINERVA ANN, ETC.

Copyright, 1909, by The Curtis Publishing Company

PART FOURTH

THE President looked into Bethune's eyes and seemed to understand the situation. "Well, you'd certainly make a fine actor," he remarked.

"Come, Mr. President; we have not a moment to lose," said Bethune.

"Let me get my hat," suggested the President. Having secured this he said: "Some sort of weapon is necessary where force is talked of."

"What is this?" asked Bethune, holding up a pistol.

"And this?" said Mr. Sanders, holding up his mate.

"The argument is concluded and the witness is with you," remarked Mr. Lincoln with a chuckle. Then he added: "But kidnaping can't be carried on on foot. I'm a pretty good walker, but if I was to take the studs and lie down in the road, you'd have some trouble."

"The carriage waits, Mr. Lincoln," replied Bethune grimly. "Remember, you are supposed to be going of your own accord."

"By jing!" exclaimed the President; "I reckon this is what the play-actors call a full dress rehearsal."

He went forward very cheerfully, however. When they came to the carriage the President entered first, Bethune following. Mr. Sanders mounted to the driver's seat.

"Where are you, Sanders?" inquired Mr. Lincoln.

"I'm goin' to take the air," Mr. Sanders replied.

"Well, here, swap hats with me. I can't wear mine in here unless we cut a hole in the roof."

Mr. Lincoln leaned from the window and passed his tall hat up to Mr. Sanders, and received in return the soft felt hat that Mr. Sanders wore.

The carriage turned into the street and went whistling away in the direction arranged by John Omahundro.

"Which way are we going?" the President asked.

"I couldn't say, Mr. President; I'm not familiar with this part of the country."

Mr. Lincoln said nothing more for some little time. Then, "Don't you think this affair is getting to be a little too natural?" he suggested.

"I had some such idea, Mr. President," replied Bethune.

"I was thinking," said Mr. Lincoln, "that if Stanton should come to the White House and find me gone, and begin to inquire about it—I was just thinking what would happen to that kinswoman of yours."

"Well, he would have to reckon with Mrs. Lincoln," replied Bethune.

"That's so," assented the President with a chuckle. "Stanton is not much of a favorite with any of the family except me. But if Mrs. Lincoln should take alarm, then there would be trouble for the Southern lady."

This was a new phase of the affair. But Bethune felt that Providence or Fate had tied his hands. He could do nothing. They went forward rapidly for two or three miles. Then they heard a protesting voice.

"Hold on there, will you! Hain't you got no eyes in your blamed noggin? I lay if I take a rock an' knock you off 'n that barouche you'll think you saw somethin'."

There was a light wagon in the road to which a couple of horses were hitched. The driver of Bethune's carriage stopped his team, handed the reins to Mr. Sanders and joined the complaining person, who was no other than John Omahundro, in the road.

"Wait!" said the latter in a low tone. He put his hand to his ear and listened. "I hear a cavalry squad coming. Jump on the carriage, turn around—there's plenty of room here—and drive back the way you came."

"Any danger for me?" asked the driver nervously.

"Not a bit in the world," responded Omahundro. "Get a move on you; you want the cavalry to meet you with your horses' heads turned toward town."

No time was lost in making this movement. The driver put the lash to the horses as they were making the turn, and when they met the squad of pursuing cavalry the carriage was moving toward the city at a brisk trot.

"Halt!" cried a commanding voice.

"Well, if you know'd who you was haltin', maybe you wouldn't be so uppity," exclaimed Mr. Sanders.

The Captain, making out the outline of Mr. Lincoln's hat, which the genial Georgian was wearing, cried out: "Is that you, Mr. President?"

For answer, Mr. Lincoln leaned his head from the window and said: "Yes, it's me, what's the trouble? Any bad news from the front? Speak out, my man. I'm used to trouble. You seem to be excited; what is it?"

"Why, Mr. President, Mr. Stanton is at the White House in a great state of alarm. He thinks you have been seized and carried off. He gave me orders to take ten men, pursue the carriage and overtake it at all hazards."

"What then?" asked Mr. Lincoln.

"He took me aside, Mr. President," explained the Captain, "and said: 'When you catch those villains, let your patriotism dictate your course.'"

"Well, what does your patriotism dictate?" asked Mr. Lincoln dryly.

"I am under your orders, Mr. President. If you have none to give, I will have the honor of escorting you to the White House."

"It is unnecessary," replied Mr. Lincoln. "Ride on ahead and, when you arrive at the White House, tell Secretary Stanton to disband his forces, horse, foot and dragoons, take down the barricades, and permit my friends and myself to enter on the terms that have always existed."

The officer saluted in the dark and was about to give the necessary orders, when Mr. Lincoln again spoke. "What time is it?"

The officer struck a match and looked at his watch.

"Ten fifty, Mr. President."

"Thank you. The Secretary was a notch or two ahead of time," Mr. Lincoln remarked.

"Yes, Mr. President. A man named Doyle arrived from the South to-night, and informed the Secretary that two rebels——"

"You mean Confederates, I reckon, Captain," suggested Mr. Lincoln.

"Yes, Mr. President, two Confederates had come to Washington for the purpose of kidnaping you. When he described the men, the Secretary made haste to the White House, summoning me as he went. When he arrived there and found you had gone off with the very men accused by Doyle, you may imagine his excitement."

"Yes; I'm mighty glad I wasn't there. Well, Captain, you have acted with commendable energy, and I am under obligations to you. Call on me some day at the White House. I want to have a talk with you."

"Thank you, Mr. President; I have simply done my duty." He wheeled his horse, gave a curt order to his detachment, and the small cavalcade was soon clattering toward the White House, where, in no long time, the Captain reported to the Secretary, who was still in a fury of rage and excitement.

"Did you seize the two spies? Where are they?" he thundered.

"Under the circumstances, Mr. Secretary, I could but obey the commands of the President."

"Remain here with your men," Mr. Stanton said. Then, his fury getting the better of him, he paced up and down the floor crying, "Oh, he will ruin the country!"

"Don't you think you had better restrain yourself, Mr. Secretary?" asked Mrs. Lincoln, who, coming out of the state of alarm and apprehension into which she had been thrown by the wild and stormy excitement of Mr. Stanton, was now somewhat angry.

"Nothing but Providence has saved your husband from those two spies and traitors—that is, if he is saved. They had everything planned to carry him off to-night."

"I don't believe a word of it!" exclaimed Mrs. Lincoln.

"But every word is true, madam," declared Doyle, who was sticking as close to the Secretary as he dared. "They planned it in my presence in Richmond."

"I don't know you," replied Mrs. Lincoln. "What were you doing in Richmond?"

"Serving my country to the best of my poor ability, madam."

"As a spy?" There was so much scorn in the lady's voice that Doyle assumed a more chastened attitude.

After a while the carriage drove up, and the President, Bethune and Mr. Sanders alighted. Mr. Lincoln was in high glee. As the carriage stopped, he was saying to Bethune: "You remember when I asked you if the affair wasn't getting to be too natural, too real?"

Bethune assented, but the President waited until they were near the portico of the White House, then he continued:

"Well, I remember it, too. It reminds me of the fellow who set out to play ghost in his village. He had tolerable success, until he happened to run across a crabbed old fellow who had a good deal of money out at interest. The ghost says: 'Squire Brown, you've got too much money. What'll you do with it when you die?' Squire Brown gripped his hickory, and says, 'You talk lots too natural for a ghost,' and with that he hit him and trailed the fellow out."

Bethune had no time to digest the moral which might or might not be attached to this brief narrative of a village incident. As the three walked into the light, Secretary Stanton cried out with a voice full of passion:

"Mr. President, I hope you are convinced that I was correct in what I said about those detestable spies. Captain Bird, do your duty!"

But before the Captain could make a movement Mrs. Lincoln burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, in which she was joined by all except Mr. Stanton. Even the officer failed to maintain his dignity. Mr. Lincoln, tall and lank, was wearing Mr. Sanders's felt hat, which, slouched as it was, gave him the aspect of a pirate. On the other hand, Mr. Sanders was wearing Mr. Lincoln's tall beaver. It was tipped to one side a trifle, and this, together with the fact that he wore a bobtail jeans coat, added the last touch of the comic to his round figure. Mr. Lincoln joined in and led the laughter, and for several long minutes the hilarity ran high, while Mr. Stanton gazed with undisguised scorn and contempt upon the scene.

Presently, taking advantage of a lull in the laughter, he cried in harsh, commanding tones:

"Captain Bird, arrest those men!"

"Why, what have we done, Stanton?" demanded Mr. Lincoln. "What are we guilty of?"

The Secretary, with an angry gesture, turned to Doyle.

"Mr. President," said Doyle, "these men came here to seize you and carry you off. I am willing to make oath to that fact. But for the energy of Secretary Stanton to-night their plot would have succeeded."

"What is your opinion, Captain Bird? What did you find when you came up with your detachment?" inquired Mr. Lincoln.

"Mr. President, we met the carriage on its way to the White House and, in accordance with your orders, hurried here in advance of it."

"My friend," said the President, turning to Doyle, "if there was any plot to kidnap to-night, I'm the guilty party."

"That's so, Mr. President," Mr. Sanders solemnly asserted. "You not only took us off, but you took my hat. It looked to me like mighty squally times out there in the dark road, but, anyhow, I thank you kindly for fetchin' us back."

Oh, you are more than welcome, friend Sanders. There's another thing I want to say to you gentlemen," remarked Mr. Lincoln, straightening himself up: "The less you say of this affair the better. If it slips into the newspapers I propose to see that the public get the straight of it. One thing more: these gentlemen here—Mr. Bethune and Mr. Sanders—are in Washington by my invitation; they are my guests; I am responsible for their conduct here, and whoever interferes with them will be held responsible by me. Captain Bird, I thank you again for the energetic way in which you carried out your orders. If the Secretary of War has no more for you to-night, neither have I."

Mr. Stanton had retired in disgust to the inner office, where the Captain sought him,

Editor's Note—The Kidnaping of President Lincoln began in The Saturday Evening Post of June 5.

Flame Proof Starch

WONDERFUL protection for life and property ... all lace curtains, children ... abolishes their terror if you ... Flame Proof Starch.

... starch, etc., flame proof ... A mate' worth makes a pair of lace curtains flame proof. For fabrics not starched

FLAME-PROOF LIQUID

Gives the same fire preventing qualities

If your grocer has not Flame-Proof Starch in stock, send us 25 cents and his name, and we will forward you ...

F. P. C. WAX

No Dirt. No Waste. Retains Its Shape

It cleans the floor. Gives superior gloss. Send 5 cents for a trial of this wonderful wax.

Write for Free Booklet

FLAME-PROOF CO., 125 West 32d Street, New York

KNOX'S SPARKLING CALVES FOOT GELATINE TAKES THE CAKE

"IT'S NOT LIKE PIE IT'S HEALTHY"

"Dainty Desserts for Dainty People"

A 32 Page Book mailed FREE on request, to tell how to make 70 delicious desserts from KNOX'S GELATINE. Plot sample and booklet sent, postpaid, for 4 cents.

ASK YOUR GROCER FIRST. If he does not keep KNOX'S GELATINE, send us his name, and we will mail you a 2 quart packet for 10 cts. (2 for 25 cts.). Pink Gelatine for fancy desserts in every packet.

C. B. KNOX, No. 53 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N.Y.

Ladies' Watches

OUR BLUE BOOK

Shows the Latest Fashions in Watch Designs, Enamels for Toilette Effects ... Harmony with Dress ...

The Blue Book sent free.

New England Watch Company

21 and 23 Maiden Lane, New York. 149 State Street, Chicago. Sprecke's Building, San Francisco.

HOPPER'S CAN OPENER

Is the Best

Does Perfect Work
Easy to Operate
No Jagged Edge

Sample 25c, postpaid

Correspondence solicited by the trade

CHAS. G. HOPPER, Mfr.
Germantown, Pa.

THE REAL Steam Cooker

whole meal over 3 burners

Reduces Fuel Bills One-Half

OTHER VALUABLE PREMIUMS WITH ORDER FOR COOKERS. Send for this cat. We pay express. Agents wanted.

TOLEDO COOKER CO., Box 12, Toledo, Ohio

returning in a moment to bid the President good-night and to lead his squad of cavalry to their quarters

Mr. Doyle stood where the Secretary had left him, and his embarrassment was so plain that Bethune, following one of his impulses, said

"Mr. President, I think I can set Mr Doyle right, but before I do so I'd like to ask what grudge he bears me

"Grudge! I have no grudge against you, Doyle asserted

"Why did you try to use my own hand to entrap me? Why did you intrust me with a dispatch in which you committed me to the gallows, not for the good of the country, but for the advancement of yourself and your friend Awtry?"

"Why, I gave you no such dispatch as that," Doyle asserted

"Well, the President has a copy of it," remarked Bethune dryly

Mr. Lincoln looked at Doyle with a puzzled expression on his face. He seemed to be studying the man. It was a very embarrassing stare

"What put the notion in your head," said the President, turning to Bethune with something like a sigh, "that the gentleman needed to be set right with me?"

"It struck me, Mr President, that you might misunderstand him, considering all the circumstances," replied Bethune

"No; I think I understand him perfectly But he still continued to regard Mr. Doyle with a puzzled, melancholy expression on his face

"But if you will permit me to explain, Mr President," Bethune persisted

But Mr. Lincoln shook his head and raised his long arm in a protesting gesture. "No, not now; I'll have a talk with this gentleman at another time. He must excuse me now. Bethune, you and Mr. Sanders come into my private office

He bowed to Doyle and went out. As Bethune was following, Doyle caught him by the arm and detained him "What did you intend to say to him?" he asked

"Why, I intended, and still intend, to tell him the simple truth," replied Bethune

"That you came to kidnap him?" gasped Doyle

"Why, certainly. I don't want him to believe that you are engaged in ensnaring men merely to advance your own fortunes

"Do you think I'd do the like for you?" inquired Doyle

"Why, I never asked myself the question," replied Bethune, regarding the man with a smile. "I owe you no good will, but I owe it to myself to be honest and straightforward. Now, answer me this: why did you have men ready to follow me out of Richmond?"

Doyle hesitated, but finally spoke out: "I wanted to make sure that you fell into the hands of the right parties when you reached Washington. If I had it to do over again, it wouldn't be done. And I want to say to you that I'm glad I met you

"Well, we have no time for compliments Good night."

Mr. Sanders was waiting for Bethune, and together they went into Mr. Lincoln's private office. The President and Mr. Stanton were in the larger room, and the tones of their voices, coming through the door, showed that they were conversing as if nothing unusual had occurred Indeed, it seemed that Mr Stanton had been, for the moment, entirely subdued

Presently Mr. Lincoln came to the door 'Sanders, you and Bethune come in here I want you to see that my Secretary of War is not always ready to eat folks up."

Mr. Stanton greeted them in a friendly manner He had his glasses off for the moment, and for the first time the two Southerners saw that in repose his features were cast in a genial mould, and that his eyes could command a kindly expression

'Bethune," said the President, "what was that explanation you wanted to make about Doyle? Mr. Stanton seems to appreciate his abilities I don't know how able he is, but that last part of his dispatch doesn't sound nice to me. Mr Stanton agrees with me about this, but he says the first part is correct" The copy of the dispatch lay open on the table between the President and the Secretary

Mr President, after what has happened to-night, taking everything as it occurred, I feel sure that you'll not misunderstand my motives when I say to you that the first part of Mr. Doyle's dispatch is correct." Bethune's tone was quiet, but firm

"I told you so," remarked Mr. Stanton with emphasis

"Well, then, why didn't you carry out your plan to-night?"

"They had a very good reason," exclaimed the Secretary of War

Mr. President," said Mr. Sanders, suddenly and emphatically, "there ain't enough cavalry in fifty mile of this town to 'a' kept us from carryin' you off to-night. You know where we turned around? Well, right there was a light wagon, an' all we had to do was to hustle you in it. The man a drivin' it knows ev'ry foot of ground betwixt here an' Richmond"

'No doubt," said Mr. Lincoln; "but why didn't you take advantage of all this?"

'Mr President, I would as soon kidnap my grandfather, or some one else equally dear to me," Bethune declared. "But it was a great temptation."

"It was so, especially to a young feller," remarked Mr Sanders. "When the hosses turned I fully expected Frank to stick his head out an' use some words that you don't hear in parlors; an' when he didn't, I never was so happy in my life. What we mought 'a' done if you hadn't gone an' kidnaped yourself right before our face, I can't say I'm like the feller the mule kicked in the stomach. Says he, 'I seed her switch her tail—that I seed p'intedly. What she done arter that I can't say

'If you would only trust me, Mr President!" exclaimed Mr. Stanton There was no bitterness in his voice

"Why, I trust you precisely as far as I can trust myself," replied Mr. Lincoln earnestly "No man could do more; would any other man do as much?"

The Secretary made no reply He resumed his spectacles and turned to Bethune

'But why, now that the affair is over, do you come in here and admit what nobody could have proved. What is Doyle to you?

Less than nothing, Mr. Secretary. I think the President understands my motives."

"Perfectly, perfectly," said Mr. Lincoln But I don't understand why you changed your mind when you had everything in your own hands."

'Well, I can only say this, Mr. President, that if the plain people of the South knew you as well as we know you, the war wouldn't last much longer.'

Mr. Lincoln arose from his chair and laid his hand on Bethune's shoulder. "My son," he said solemnly, "no human being ever did or ever can pay me a higher compliment than that. I wish all your people would take a month off and come up here to kidnap me!"

They are engaged in some such adventure now," remarked Mr. Stanton dryly

The President paid no attention to the remark, but walked about the room with his hands behind him and his head forward Finally he paused and stood before Bethune and Mr. Sanders, his feet planted somewhat apart

"I'll tell you gentlemen the honest truth he declared, raising his right arm high above his head, "my heart bleeds night and day for every wound the war inflicts on both sides If I know my own mind I know no North and no South All that I hope for and pray for is the Union—the Union preserved, and the Union at peace, with all factions and all parties working together for the glory and greatness of the Republic. I would, if I could, take the South in my arms and soothe all her troubles, and wipe out all the old difficulties and differences, and start the Nation on a new career. I have the will, but not the power." He paused a moment, and then resumed with a smile: "Stanton there says I'm a politician, and, I reckon I am, but if I were nothing else I'd be ashamed of myself"

"Mr President," said Bethune gravely, "if we had found you to be a politician petulant and intriguing, you wouldn't be here to-night."

"Ain't it the truth!" exclaimed Mr Sanders with unction

"Well, Mr. President," remarked Mr Stanton, rising from his chair, "your friends are more agreeable than I supposed they would be. But hereafter I hope you will believe that I know what I am talking about

Why, I never doubted it," Mr Lincoln declared; "but you'll have to take me as you find me."

"The trouble wi' him, Mr. President said Mr. Sanders, "is that he's afraid he'll not be able to find it"

The Secretary regarded Mr. Sanders from behind his inscrutable glasses, smiled faintly, and exclaimed, "Ain't it the truth!" Then, as if the effort to amuse Mr Sanders had thawed him out, he shook hands with the two Southerners, laughing softly to himself, and went out. The episode was sufficient to show that the great War Secretary (and he was truly great in his line) could be agreeable when he chose to be

'That's the only fun he's had since the war began," Mr. Lincoln asserted

Nothing more remains to be told Bethune, Mr. Sanders and Mrs. Elise Clopton had no difficulty in making their way South. They had an escort through the Federal lines, and were turned over to their compatriots under a flag of truce

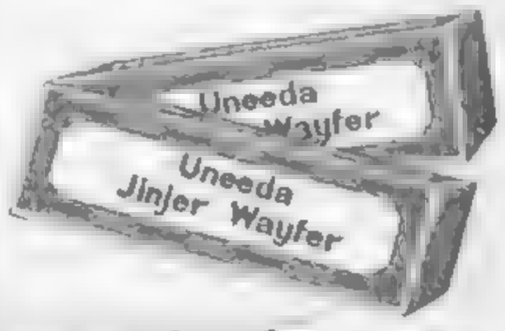
(THE END)

As the three walked into the light, Secretary Stanton cried out with a voice full of passion

Better Baking Never Known

Cook or baker never produced a more toothsome bit than **Uneeda Jinjer Wafer.** Its delightful piquancy makes it the nicest possible sweet for any-time eating or to serve with any beverage or ices. Its wholesomeness makes it the safest of all forms of cakes to give the children. Its freshness is insured at all times—in all weathers—by the patent package, which is identical with the famous **Uneeda Biscuit** package.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE AND AMERICAN EAGLE WITH STARS AND STRIPES

LONDONDERRY CO., Dept. A, 80 Central Street, Boston, Mass

PARAFFINE WAX

DON'T tie the top of your jelly and preserve jars in the old-fashioned way. Seal them by the new quick, absolutely sure way—by a thin coating of pure, refined Paraffine Wax Has no taste or odor [illegible] and acid proof hastily applied. Useful in a dozen other ways about the house

Full directions with each pound cake

Sold everywhere

Made by Standard Oil Co.

"Mizpah" Valve Nipples

WILL NOT COLLAPSE

And therefore prevent much colic [illegible] prevents a vacation being for

The rim is [illegible] off the bottle *Sample Free by Mail*

WALTER F. WARE, 815 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Come Here! When [illegible] of her rest for

STEUBEN SANITARIUM, Hornellsville N Y

seized and drew his revolver to kill

Stories of Old-Time Shows and Showmen

From the Notes of W. C. Coup *Edited by Forrest Crissey*

NOTHING can afford a better idea of the variety and picturesqueness of a showman's life than the medley of odd incidents, of strange experiences and homely happenings that crowd the thought of a veteran when in a reminiscent mood Under this kind of inspiration I have jotted down, in a scrappy and haphazard way, the episodes which sufficiently impressed me at the time of their occurrence to claim frequent rehearsal when talking over the "old days" with other pioneers of the tent and the ring I must begin with a word concerning the greatest clown America ever saw

Dan Rice was, at one time, the most famous circus performer in America, and, with the exception of John Robinson, the most daring I have never met a more nervy man; he was without an equal in trying emergencies. He would face a mob at any time and under any circumstances. Besides being a natural fighter he was a natural orator. He had a sonorous, penetrating voice, his enunciation was clear and distinct, and he knew the secret of flattering and delighting his auditors Dan had many competitors for the patronage of the river towns, the most prominent of whom were two veteran showmen who owned a Floating Palace. The "Palace" was simply a large boat fitted up as an opera house with the most elegant appointments. It would seat several hundred people and was provided with a complete stage and elaborate sets of scenery. This was towed by a tug called the "James Raymond," on which all the performers roomed and took their meals. They had, besides, a steamer called the "Banjo," on which they gave a minstrel performance.

Dan Rice's One-Horse Show

Dan had formerly been "featured" as one of their attractions; but, some trouble arising, he had left them and started in business on his own account. He experienced the usual ups and downs of a showman's life, finally "went broke," and was at last cleaned out to what he boldly announced as "Dan Rice's One-Horse Show" With this little affair he courageously fought his former associates and did a large business. During the performances he was in the habit of singing a song entitled My One-Horse Show, which took the popular fancy and materially helped him. In this song he told how the opposition had placed false buoys in the river, thereby misleading his pilots and throwing him on sand bars where his craft stuck for days

For the information of those unacquainted with river travel I will say that buoys are placed by the Government in dangerous parts of the river to point out the only safe channel. Now, whether or not the opposition was really guilty of this trick, Dan's verses gained him the sympathy of the people, and with that sympathy came their dollars. In fact, to such an extent did Dan work upon the sympathies of the people that, at many points, they actually refused to allow the opposition boats to land. At some of these places the opposition had themselves incurred the displeasure of the people by touching at the landing only long enough to receive their audiences, and then going into the middle of the river to give their performances, thus avoiding the payment of the license fee

This lasted through the winter, and when summer came both shows took to their tents and traveled toward New York State There Dan's enemies succeeded on some charge or other in getting him in jail While in his cell he composed the song Blue Eagle Jail, in which he described the jailer, whom he disliked, as "Dot-and Go-One" from the fact of his having a wooden leg. This song made the one legged jailer notorious all over the country

One thing I must say for Dan Rice He was the only original clown I ever heard—with the single exception of Dilly Fay. The latter was an erratic individual who actually became a clown that he might save money to complete his studies in Paris. Fay was educated and original, but lacked the physical power and deep voice of Rice. I never heard of Fay after he started for Paris, but presume he never reentered the ring

Tan-Bark Oratory and Harlequin Pluck

One time when I was with Dan Rice on the river circus we showed at Memphis. At this place a certain fellow was loud in his denunciation of Dan and the show He was a source of great annoyance to the showman and had also made himself very unpopular by declaiming against slavery. In retaliation Dan entered the ring and returned the compliment in kind. He capped the climax by singing a song in which he described his enemy as playing cards with a negro on a log, and so boldly was this done that the people believed it and the fellow became so exasperated that he threatened to shoot Dan. The clown, however, defied him, and continued ridiculing him until the man was actually obliged to leave the city in a hurry.

Dan also had trouble at Yazoo City, Mississippi. He had, it appears, on a former visit, flogged a prominent man there, and the latter had sworn to shoot him on sight. One night when Dan was clowning in the ring the prominent citizen entered and drew his revolver to kill. A plucky bystander, however, knocked the iron from his hand and prevented bloodshed. The scene that followed I shall never forget. Dan stood undaunted in the ring, called the man a coward and dared him to shoot. His audience went into ecstasies over such an exhibition of bravery and applauded to the echo. Whereupon Dan, stimulated to further efforts, poured forth a torrent of the most stinging denunciation of cowards that ever fell from mortal lips I have often wondered where Dan picked up such a command of language

At that time he was not an educated man, although years after, when visiting him at his magnificent house at Girard, Pennsylvania, I found that he had a well stocked private library, and he had certainly become an exceedingly well-read man

An Imitation Patriot Shown Up

My last experience with Dan Rice when he was in the circus business was at Elkhart, Indiana. It was a very stormy day during the war. The weather was too windy to permit the hoisting of the usual flags, and one pompous young fellow, inflated with conceit, appointed himself a committee and visited Dan, demanding that the flags be hoisted. He charged that Dan had made secession speeches in the South. With an ugly mob at his heels the fellow declared that if the flags were not hoisted he would burn the whole outfit. Dan truthfully told the crowd that he had already erected, at Girard, Pennsylvania, a monument to the Union soldiers; that he owned more flags than the whole city of Elkhart, and that he would show them if they desired; but he absolutely refused to hoist a stitch of bunting upon such a demand Threats and arguments were alike powerless to move him from his stand. I thought him rather foolish, in those exciting times, and there appeared to me great danger in his action

Dan, however, mastered the situation. He publicly announced that at the night show he would give a full history of the leader of the mob, and did so with a vengeance. He had learned by careful inquiries something of the character of this fellow, who was a cashier in a bank, and at the evening performance, and in the actual presence of the man and his associates, Dan mounted a stool and gave his enemy such a verbal castigation as few persons have ever received. As he progressed in his speech he waxed eloquent, and in a marvelously deep, clear and penetrating voice pictured the vices and follies of this "patriotic" cashier, until the audience was ready to mob the man. Suddenly a rush was made to where he had been sitting But he was gone and the eloquent showman was a complete victor

That night I roomed at the hotel where Rice was stopping and in the morning he accompanied me to the depot, to see me off for my home in the West. While waiting there the cashier appeared and begged Dan to retract his assertions of the night before, declaring that otherwise he would be run out of town Dan replied that if he did not immediately leave him he would receive the worst thrashing of his life—and Dan would have kept his word, to the letter, had not the fellow beat a quick retreat. I saw Rice but once after that time, but always regarded him as a prince of the circus ring

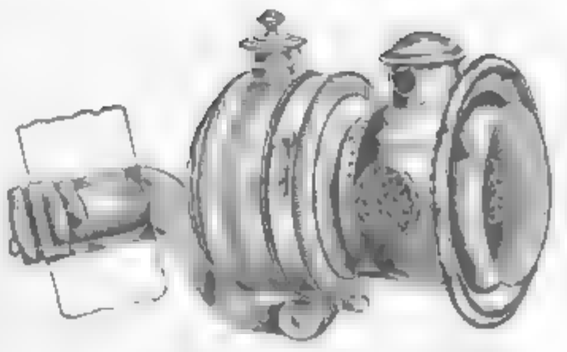
At one time we started our show through Kentucky, where we did a splendid business On this journey through the South our horses were all caught in a fire and so charred and burned that we had to shoot many of them In Mississippi we were greatly troubled and delayed by the muddy roads. We were three days going a distance of only eighteen miles. At one point, where there was only one house, our tent was delayed on account of the deep mud and we were forced to show without it, putting up the seats in the form of a circle, thus making a ring in which the performance was given The people could see the performance without paying, but nearly all of them had principle enough to pay. A few ruffians, however, began abusing the showmen and a genuine fight ensued, which was a repetition of most of the others and some of the toughs were badly hurt. Our men had all gone to the farmhouse to bed, and I was alone on the grounds to look after my property, when, after midnight, a crowd began to gather and suddenly surrounded me, showing the muzzles of their pistols and guns in my face This crowd hung about until daylight, and I pleaded so heartily that they did not shoot The fact that I was then little more than a boy in years was, I think, the only reason I was not instantly shot by the ruffians.

When our company began to gather in the morning these ruffians left, but I shall never forget that night sitting there surrounded by a half drunken mob, in a drizzling fall of rain. I was completely exhausted and half frozen, and never before nor since was I so glad to see daylight com

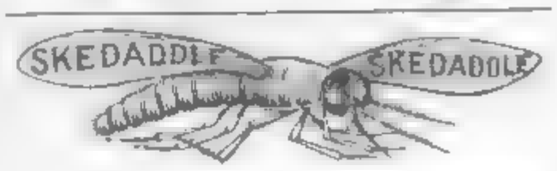
This trip led us through Georgia, Alabama, Florida and North Carolina. In those States we frequently traveled at night, and sometimes all night, illuminating our way by setting fire to the patches of gum on the pine trees at the spots where they had been "blazed" for their sap. In the mountains of North Carolina we encountered the "clay eaters." I was assured that they subsisted to a great extent upon a certain kind of clay which appears to be able to sustain life. The reader can imagine the character and intelligence of these beings. There was also, in a certain region, a strange people who held regular monthly fairs where they met to barter. They were said to be descendants of a certain Scottish clan, who, when they first came to this country, were fairly well civilized, but instead of settling in the fertile soils and lowlands, took up their homes in the mountains because the latter reminded them of their native country. Here they became more and more isolated until, at length, they were governed solely by their own outlandish laws and customs, knowing nothing of the usages of civilization. Outside of the clay-eating districts these mountain people grew to an enormous stature and possessed great strength I found them very hospitable always treating their guests with marked kindness.

In Which Cupid was Master of the Ring

When we went to New Orleans to close up and pay off a show that had been "flooded out" in one of my earliest ventures, it was our intention to take the New Orleans company to New York, but I found it impracticable. I thereupon called all the members to my



That is the
O. K. 1900 Acetylene Gas Lamp
And it is "O. K." The disadvantages of ... ways
... weights to gas ... wing change in ... of ... Use this ...
... d to any p... ed States ...
Descriptive Booklet free
SEAL LOCK CO.
160 Washington St.
...

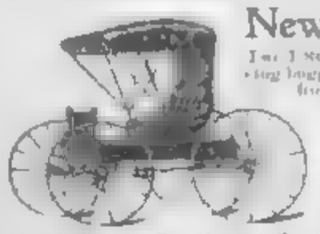


Don't Wear Yourself Out Fighting Mosquitoes
USE LIQUID
Skedaddle Cream Balm
And They Won't Touch You
No disagreeable odor, free from dust or stain invisible when applied to the skin, and there is nothing to wash off One application is effective for several hours. Absolutely harmless, even if taken internally. It is a peerless antiseptic. 25c at druggists' and sporting-goods dealers', or by mail on receipt of price.
GAIL CHEMICAL COMPANY
Box 93 B, Bound Brook, N. J.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED
One in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1900 bicycle.
1900 Models, best makes, $11 to $20
'99 and '98 Models, high grade, $8 to $13
500 SECOND-HAND WHEELS
All makes and models, good as new, $5 to $10
... half factory cost. We ship anywhere on approval and trust without a cent in advance.
EARN A BICYCLE ...
... ast year. Our 1900 proposition more liberal. Write at once for our bargain list and special offer. Address Department 117 K
MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, Chicago

Dunlop Pneumatic Tires

For Bicycles
For Carriages
For Automobiles
Send for Booklet
The American Dunlop Tire Co.
Belleville, N. J. Chicago, Ill.


New Buggy, $26
... Buggies by ... from materials bought for ca...
... Buggies' Duplicates
Union Buggy Co., 34-48 Saginaw St., Pontiac, Mich.

SHADE TO ORDER
At a small cost. It makes no difference whether there are trees in your yard or not if you have a

Wayne Hammock and Canopy Stand
Wears for years. Easily moved A treat for the children, comfort for the old folks. Send for free circulars and price list. Parts sold separately.
QUICK MFG. CO., Sole Mfrs., Dept. Z, Galien, Mich.

ABOUT SWINGS

Solid STEEL Frames
Cannot Rot or Break
... Seats, with Canopy
FREE
D. H. BAUSMAN, Mfr.
Bausman, Lancaster Co., Pa.
Largest swings in the world

rooms at the hotel and explained to them the situation I proposed to pay them all off and let them remain idle until the opening in the following spring To this all agreed save two, our principal riders, a woman and a man. These positively refused to make any compromise. The woman snapped her fingers in my face and said: "No, I was engaged for a year and you will have to pay me my salary just the same. You are able to do it, and do it you shall." The man took precisely the same stand, and as they were not only our star riders, but also the best equestrians in America, I was at a loss to know what to do

I took a little time for deliberation and learned that both malcontents were very much in love with each other. This immediately helped me to determine what course to pursue. I first sent for the woman and told her to get ready at once to go to my farm in Wisconsin, where I intended to build a ring around a tree, to furnish her with a ringmaster, and to allow her to earn her salary by giving two performances daily to the birds and squirrels. She claimed that her contract did not call for such performances, but a reference to the contract proved that she was to ride in any part of America I might designate. Then I sent for the man and told him that he and his horses must take the next steamer for New York City. He refused to do this, but I quickly proved to him that his contract with us, though calling for transportation for himself and horses, did not specify of what nature that transportation should be. I had a perfect right to send him by sailing vessel if I chose. His refusal to go of course canceled his contract, and I accordingly left him. The woman expressed her willingness to go to Wisconsin, but I knew she could not leave her sweetheart—and I was right In less than half an hour they proposed a compromise, but I refused. Finally I agreed to take the woman to New York and pay her half salary until the season opened

Among the many men employed with the Barnum show was one large, handsome fellow who was superintendent of the equestrian department As showmen are fond of having nicknames, some one called this man "Barnum" The poor fellow was wholly illiterate and tolerably fond of whiskey, consequently the name was decidedly inappropriate, but, as a nickname will, it stuck to him hard and fast. One day, while Mr. Barnum was visiting the show, his namesake was lying asleep outside one of the horse tents on a pile of hay, and one of the hands, desiring to waken him, shouted at the top of his voice: "Barnum! Barnum! Wake up!" Mr. Barnum had been a witness to this scene and he came to me in a tremendous rage, saying: "Have you no respect for me at all?"

"What do you mean, Mr. Barnum?"

"What do I mean?" he replied. "Why, I wish to know your intent in calling that drunken, illiterate brute by my name."

Of course, after an explanation, Mr. Barnum's rage cooled, but I think he was never so much annoyed in his life. It well illustrates how thoroughly he hated the vice of drunkenness. After that episode strict injunctions were given to refrain from calling the man "Barnum."

On one occasion when we had run to Joplin, Missouri, the train was divided into three sections, the first having been switched on a siding to wait for the other two. I was sitting at the hotel, eating breakfast, when the superintendent of the road came in and announced, "I am afraid you will not show to-day."

"Why not?" I replied

"Well," said he, "the section of your train that has already pulled out has run wild down a steep grade over an immense trestle with nothing but zigzags and reverse curves We have to run over them with our passenger trains at very slow speed, and, as your cars are top heavy, I can see nothing but complete destruction for them"

"Well," said I, "can't you send an engine after the runaway section?"

He promised to do this and, as there was nothing more I could do, I finished my breakfast at leisure.

Barnum's One Unconquerable Superstition

The locomotive went out and caught the train. It had passed safely over the trestle and had reached a heavy ascending grade. Here it naturally lost its momentum and began to back down the grade toward the city. I was unaware, at that time, that a passenger train was then due and that the superintendent fully expected a collision to take place. I can assure my readers that I drew a long breath when the operator looked up from his key and remarked, "Thank the Lord! Number Six, the passenger, is an hour late!" Thus a dreadful catastrophe was prevented. Two men were asleep on one of the platform cars of the circus train, and one of them, in the stress of excitement, jumped off and was instantly dashed to pieces one hundred feet below. The man who stuck to the train was saved, although nearly frightened to death

Mr. Barnum, although never particularly nervous about accidents, usually refused to travel in the same train with me, giving as his reason that should we both be killed the show would be without a head Really he regarded me as something of a "hoodoo." In the course of one trip from New Orleans to New York we were compelled to ride together, and on that occasion the sleeper caught fire and was very nearly destroyed Fortunately this happened in the daytime

Not only was Mr. Barnum quick to grasp a situation, but was also ready at repartee Once, at the hotel at Block Island, the dining-room was crowded with people from all over America. One of the guests was a somewhat notorious Mayor of a well known Western city. During a partial lull in the conversation, this politician had the temerity to bawl out: "Barnum, what is going to be your next humbug? Your last one, the White Elephant, was a failure!" Mr. Barnum, in a voice equally loud and without a moment's hesitation, replied

"I think my next humbug will be the present Mayor of your city! I have been twice Senator of my State and three times Mayor of Bridgeport; but from what I have learned of politicians and their methods in the West I have come to the conclusion that I am now in a far more respectable business—that of showman—in which no man is either corrupted or injured."

Without a doubt Mr. Barnum was one of the best known men in the world While in England I found plenty of quite intelligent people who imagined it was he who brought Moody and Sankey to their country. George Middleton, of dime museum fame, states that in sailing from Australia to Java he found in the limited ship's library Barnum's autobiography, and there, 9000 miles from home where the English language is scarcely spoken, he saw passengers while away the time by reading the "Life of Barnum, Written by Himself

One evening, during the run of our hippodrome in New York, we were honored by the presence of King Kalakaua, who, after visiting the state geologists and dining with A. T. Stewart, had expressed a wish to see our great institution. His Majesty was conducted through the menagerie in which nothing appeared to interest him except the elephants and the rhinoceros. Then he was taken to a box which I had caused to be specially prepared for him. I then took Mr. Barnum into the box and presented him to the king, who seemed delighted at the introduction, as he said he had read much about the world's greatest showman. Mr. Barnum remained some time in the royal box, explaining everything to his dusky Highness, who declared he had enjoyed his visit better than anything else since his arrival in America

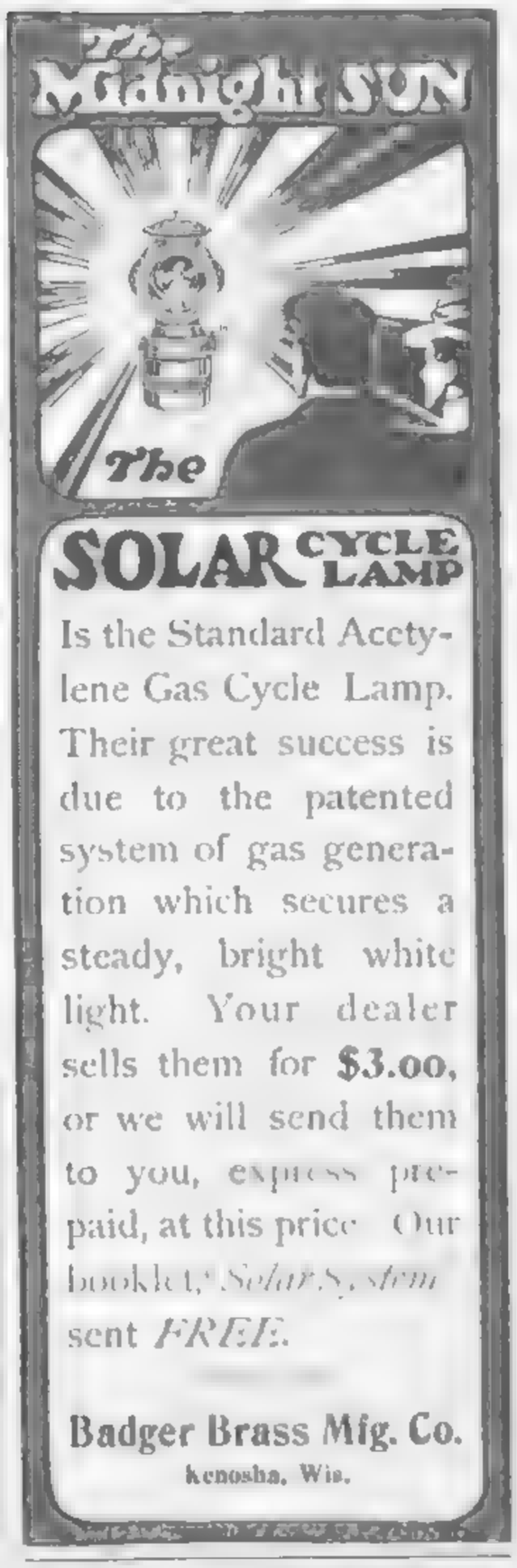
Kalakaua's Entry into the Show Business

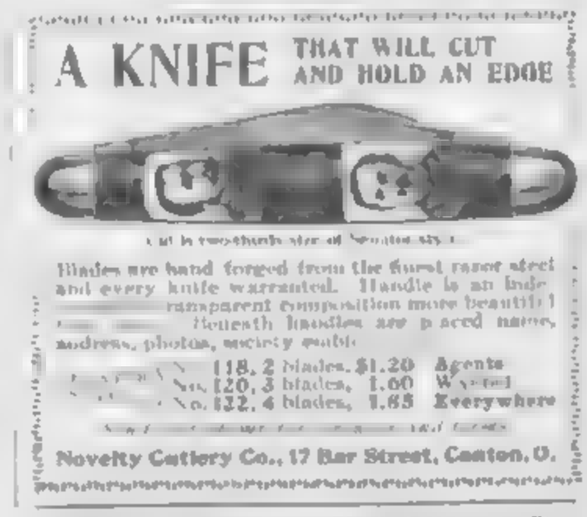
At the conclusion of the "Fête of Pekin," a special fireworks piece which I had ordered purposely prepared, was ignited. Beneath the design appeared the words "King Kalakaua." At this the immense audience applauded to the echo, but His Majesty did not deign to notice the compliment, except by an uneasy movement. The next feature was a flat race which he evidently enjoyed hugely, becoming quite excited and presenting the young lady rider who won the contest with the flower he wore in his buttonhole. This graceful act was also applauded, but still His Majesty took no notice of the compliment After the next race I arranged to have a few friends start a cry of "Kalakaua" This being well taken up by the audience, I had the handsome carriage, that was used to bring the performers from the dressing-room to the ring, driven rapidly in front of the box. Mr Barnum, with a characteristic grasp of the situation, arose and led the king toward the carriage. His Majesty hesitated a moment but soon followed his host, and, entering the conveyance, they were soon driven rapidly around the track amid the tumultuous applause of the assembled thousands Men, women and children arose to their feet, waving handkerchiefs, hats, umbrellas and canes. While this was the most popular reception the king had had, he did not seem particularly pleased with it, and he told me he did not expect to be made a show of I answered that it was the demand of the people who had flocked there to see him, and that he was the magnet which had drawn them. At this he appeared satisfied. The following morning the papers teemed with elaborate descriptions of the dramatic episode

Mr. Barnum by his prompt grasp of the situation had scored a great success Under cover of a most flattering tribute to his guest he had really added another feature to his show, delighted the public and captured the press. It was an instance of the kind of greatness which distinguished him.

The "Palace" was simply a large boat fitted up as an opera house

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of papers on the Memories of an Old Showman, taken from the notes of W. C. Coup. The first paper appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of November 18, 1899.


The Midnight SUN
The
SOLAR CYCLE LAMP
Is the Standard Acetylene Gas Cycle Lamp. Their great success is due to the patented system of gas generation which secures a steady, bright white light. Your dealer sells them for $3.00, or we will send them to you, express prepaid, at this price Our booklet, Solar System sent FREE.
Badger Brass Mfg. Co.
Kenosha, Wis.



Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton Ry.
CINCINNATI to TOLEDO and DETROIT 4 DAILY TRAINS
THE MICHIGAN FLYER (Vestibuled
Leaves CINCINNATI, 1 00 P. M., Arrives DETROIT, 8 10 P. M.

— uh stod over the fence at a disappeared in the cornfield

Josiah and *the* Seventh Son

By Joe Lincoln

ENTERING the gate and passing by the front part of the house, where the blinds were never opened except on Sunday, I rapped at the back door. No one answered and, with the familiarity of old acquaintance, I opened the door and called, "Mrs. Ellis!"

Still there was no answer, and I was about to turn away when I became aware that curious sounds were proceeding from the barn at my back, sounds which might be produced by beating a carpet with a cane, supposing—which is rather improbable—that said carpet possessed a voice and howled dismally.

I turned toward the barn and, as I did so, out from its side door darted a coatless, dishevelled boy of about fourteen years. He paused not at sight of me, but whisked over the fence and disappeared in the cornfield. In his wake, like a battleship pursuing a torpedo boat, lumbered a stout, red faced woman with a switch in one hand and the jacket belonging to the fugitive in the other. She halted at the fence and gazed at the spot where the youngster had disappeared, with something like a smile gradually o'erspreading her plump, round face.

"He's getting too lively for you, Mrs. Ellis," I ventured. She started and, turning, saw me. "Land sakes! Is that you?" she exclaimed. "Yes, yes! he's gittin' too spry for *my* short breath. I feel it's my duty, once in a while, ter give him what his father would if he was alive, but I sha'n't be able ter do it much longer, I cal'late."

"Josiah never appeared to me to be a bad boy," I said.

He ain't reel bad. He's jest full of his mischievous notions and doin's. I stan' it long's I kin and then I git out er patience and whale him, same's I was doin' jest now, 'fore he slipped his jacket and run."

"What was the particular prank this morning?" I inquired.

"Playin' he was 'Somebody, the Scalp Hunter,' and heavin' a wooden tommyhawk right through the open window and smashin' the best lookin'-glass. Sure sign er death, let alone the price of a new one! Books is what's the matter with him."

"Books, Mrs. Ellis?"

"Yes, books, story books; he can't read one of 'em without actin' of it all out. One time he read somebody's travels in Afriky, and what did he do but dig a big hole out in the pastur', and cover it up with brush, and put dirt on top er that, so it looked jest like the rest er the ground. Our cow fell into it and had ter stay there all night 'fore he could dig a place fer her ter walk up. He told me he was playin' trappin' elephunts."

I laughed and Mrs. Ellis laughed with me.

"'Nother time," she continued, "he stuck a candle into his hat and rigged a double rope over the windlass and lowered himself down the well; playin' coal miner. When he got down there somehow er nother he couldn't make his lustin' app'ratus work and he was purty nigh drownded and froze ter death when I found him and hauled him up. But the greatest thing he ever done, and one that reelly saved us all consider'ble, was when he ketched the Seventh Son."

"Caught *which?*"

"The Seventh Son. Set down on the bench out door here while I get cooled off, and I'll tell yer about it. I dunno whether it's 'cause he's so lively or 'cause I'm so fat, but thrashin' that boy allers gits me birn' hot."

We seated ourselves on the wash-bench back of the kitchen.

"It come about by Josiah's readin' storybooks, as I told you. This time 'twas detective stories, and partic'lar them 'bout some critter named Burdock Homes."

"Sherlock Holmes?" I suggested.

"That's the feller. Well, Josiah he read and read about him till he got ter be purty nigh crazy. He said this ere Burdock feller could jest look at a man and tell how old he was, and what his bus'ness was, how many children he had, what church he b'longed ter, an' anything yer wanted ter know.

"He had a notion that he was purty nigh as smart as Burdock himself. I come in one time and he looks me all over and he says 'Ma,' he says, 'you've been makin' apple sass and yer tasted of it and it was too sour.'

"'How did yer find all that out?' I says.

"'I dedoosed it,' says he. 'There's a piece er apple peelin' on your dress, and when yer come in yer face was all puckered up.'

"'Well, your dedoosin' ain't good fer much,' I says, 'cause that apple peel fell outer some leavin's I was feedin' the pig, and I had my face puckered up 'cause I thought I wanted ter sneeze.'

"But you couldn't squelch him that way; he kep' up his dedoosin' and detective foolishness right along. When the Bearse house was broke into he was right on his uppers, as yer might say, and wished I'd let him be a detective and 'ferret out the crim'nals.' I told him I'd 'ferret' him with a barrel stave unless he quit his foolishness.

"Then he went ter work makin' the house burglar proof. He got a whole lot of old sleigh bells and cow bells and rigged two or three of 'em up over each winder on wires, so's when yer shoved the winder up 'twould jiggle the bells and make a racket. Then he whittled out some wooden plugs ter fit the key-holes in the doors. Them was ter keep burglars from gittin' in with false keys—another book notion. Next thing he rummaged out all his ole muskrat traps and one ole fox trap somebody give him, and took ter settin' of 'em under all the winders at night, so's if a thief should git in he'd git caught, yer see. I never said nothin' against these contraptions; they was better'n coal-minin' down the well, anyhow.

"Well, about this time Uncle Elkanah and A'nt Tabithy come ter visit us. Uncle Elkanah, he's over eighty and is pretty shaky with the palsy and consider'ble childish. A'nt Tabby, she's 'bout ten years younger and is smart enough, only she's the greatest critter fer b'lievin' in fortune tellin' and all that kind er rubbish that ever was.

"They'd been here a week or so when it come Circle day and the Sewin' Circle was ter meet down ter Miss Lurany Black's. I did want ter go, dreadful, 'cause Lurany 'd jest got back from a trip ter her brother's in Pennsylvany, and I wanted ter hear her tell about it. So A'nt Tabby, she says ter me, s'she, 'You go right along now, Mary Emma,' s'she; 'I'll look arter the house and cook the vittles. I'd jest as lives as not.'

"I didn't want ter go 'way and leave my comp'ny ter look arter themselves, but A'nt Tabby said she and Uncle Elkanah wa'n't comp'ny, and I must go sure; so I done so.

"We had a reel nice Circle meetin'; and Lurany had as good a supper's ever I sot down to. 'Twas after eight o'clock when I got home, and when I come in I see there was a stranger in the settin' room. He was free and easy as yer please, settin' with his chair tipped back and his laigs crossed, and his tongue rattlin' like a hay cutter. A'nt Tabby and Josiah was settin' there with their mouths open listenin' ter him, and Uncle Elkanah's mouth was open, too, but 'twas 'cause he was asleep.

"I come in, and A'nt Tabby jumps up and says, 'Mary Emma,' says she, 'here's a gentleman I know yer'll be glad ter meet. This is Mrs. Ellis, Mr. Montmorency,' says she.

"The feller jumps up and makes a tremendous low bow. 'Ma'am,' he says, 'I am charmed ter make yer acquaintance.' I wa'n't particular charmed ter make his; I didn't like his looks a mite. He had on a shiny black coat, like a minister's, spotted up consider'ble and with pretty rusty-lookin' buttons on it. He had more'n an average dirty shirt with a glass diamond in the front of it, and his hair was black and curly and sorter greasy lookin'. He had a big black mustache curled up at the ends. Take him all tergether he looked ter me like a scalawag.

"I could see, though, that A'nt Tabby thought he was jest elegant. 'Mr. Montmorency's a Seventh Son,' says she, proud as all out door.

"'Seventh Son *of* a Seventh Son, if yer'll excuse the correction, ma'am,' says the man with another grand bow.

"'I think large fam'lies are reel nice,' says I, fer the sake of sayin' somethin'. I was wond'rin' all the time who the critter was and how he come ter be makin' so free of my settin'-room.

"'What business air you in, Mr. Montmorency?' I asks him, after a spell.

"'I am a seer, ma'am,' says he, and I noticed A'nt Tabby kinder puff up with importance when he said it.

"'Overseer?' I says.

"'Oh, no, ma'am. A seer, a prophet, a reader of the stars, an astrologist.'

Astrology must be awful interestin',' I says; 'they didn't uster study it when I went ter school. I s'pose you've got a tremenjous big telescope in your office?'

"'Pardon me, ma'am,' he says, 'but I think you still mistake me. I am not an astronomer; I am an astrologist, a reader of the future, one who pierces into the darkness surroundin' the things ter come.'

"'Oh!' I says, and I reckon my voice must have showed how disgusted I felt, 'a fortune teller.'

"The feller went off on a long gabble tellin' how his bus'ness was diff'rent, and lots superior ter common fortune-tellin', but I didn't pay much attention ter him. Soon's ever I could I got A'nt Tabby out in the next room and asked her how he come ter be here. 'Twas jest as I thought. He'd come ter the door, and as soon as she found out he was a fortune-teller she'd asked him in. He told her a lot of stuff; said she was goin' ter be rich 'fore she died, and things like that, and she asked him ter supper. And that wa'n't the wust of it. She was so gone on him that she'd invited him, as 'twas quite a ways ter the hotel, ter stay ter my house over night.

"Well, I *was* upset! I couldn't say he shouldn't stay, because A'nt Tabby never'd forgive me, and, on t'other hand, I knew I shouldn't sleep a wink.

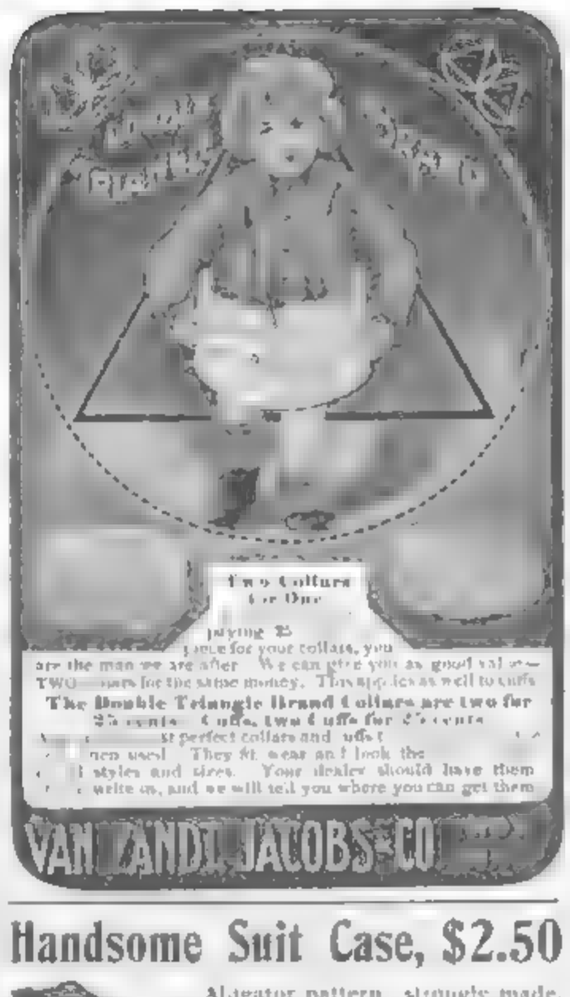
"The Seventh Son was full of his talk the rest of the evenin'. He looked at the palm er my hand and said I'd seen consider'ble trouble in my life and would see some more, but that I'd also seen consider'ble happiness and would see more er that, too. Well, I guess them things are true, so p'raps he wa'n't a fraud altogether.

"Finally, he went off ter the spare room ter bed, and Uncle Elkanah and A'nt Tabby went off ter their room. I locked up the house, and Josiah, he plugged up the key holes, and seen ter his burglar alarms, and set his traps same as usual.

"When I got inter my room I was wide-awake as could be. I laid and tried ter git ter sleep, but it wa'n't no use; all I could think of was that pesky Seventh Son, and listen and listen. I had my door open jest a grain, with a chair set against it, so I could hear if there was any noise in the house. I heard it strike 'leven, and twelve, and one, and then I reckon I dozed off a leetle.

"What waked me up was one of Josiah's burglar alarms a-jinglin'. It didn't jingle very loud ner long, but I was sleepin' so light that I heard it and riz right up in bed, with my heart goin' bumpety-bump.

"'Twas still fer a minute and then I heard the bell jingle again. I jumped outer bed and run ter the door er my room, and jest as I got there, there come a sorter thump, and then a rattlin' and jinglin' and poundin', enough ter wake the dead. I was scart almost ter death, and, as I stood there tremblin', Josiah burst out er his room hollerin', 'I've got one! I've got one!' and went downstairs three steps at a time.



Handsome Suit Case, $2.50

Alligator pattern, strongly made, corners reenforced and riveted; brass lock and two brass catches, extra strong hinges, fine lining and inside straps.

Sizes, 13½ inches high, 6¾ inches wide, 22 or 24 inches long

Every one guaranteed, money back if not satisfactory. *References*, Mechanics' National Bank

Delivered on receipt of price. Write for catalogue

MYERS, WEISS MFG. CO.
1408 N. 15th St., Philadelphia

What's Your Opinion About the President?

It costs [illegible] to get an opinion about the President, but it may be a very expensive opinion to the owner of a pair of Presidential suspenders. It is the easiest, freest, most comfortable suspender in the world. Try them.

$1500.00 For Your Estimate

[illegible] among purchasers of the Presidential suspenders will receive cash rebates on each coming Presidential election. Sold 50 in every store. Full information with each suspender, or direct from us.

The C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co., Box 231, Shirley, Mass.

Leadam's Shoe Trees

[illegible] shoes dampened by water or perspiration [illegible] up in drying when Leadam's Trees are used.

[illegible] styles for men and women.

To be had of your shoe dealer. $1.25

Send size and style of shoe. *Send for Booklet 41.*

LIONEL H. LEADAM
82 Wall Street, New York

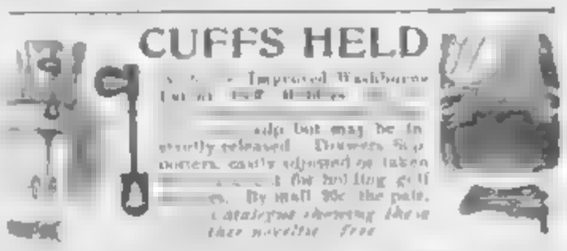
DO IT NOW

"If I live five years, then—." Everybody has these visions and is the better for them, tho' never realized. Fond desires become a fact by having a policy in the

PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
921-923-925 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

Send for FREE booklet. Full information.

CUFFS HELD



[illegible] Improved Washburne [illegible] Holders [illegible] slip but may be instantly released. Drawers stay [illegible] easily adjusted or taken [illegible] for bowling golfers. By mail 50c the pair. *Catalogue showing these and novelties free.*

American Ring Co. Box 93, Waterbury, Conn.

Are You Deaf?

We have 25 kinds of Instruments to Assist Hearing sent on approval. Write for catalogue.

WM. F. WILLIS & CO., 134 South 11th Street, Philadelphia

The Saturday Evening Post

JUNE-DAY PLANS FOR DOG-DAY READING

Summer resort reading is never the worse for a little city planning. Put it off until the last trunk is packed and the expressman is at the door, and the chances are that you are in for a holiday with ill-written railroad novels.

See what a little planning will procure for you.

During the past year the Editors of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST have received and examined thousands of manuscripts: Short stories, articles, serials, poems. A few hundred of these—the best of them—have been bought and illustrated for your warm-weather entertainment.

For $1.00 The Saturday Evening Post will be sent to your address for 21 weeks.

Mooswa of the Boundaries

By W. A. Fraser

Mr. W. A. Fraser has written for summer numbers of the magazine a series of most engaging stories of Rod, the Boy, and his friends, the fur-bearing animals of the Northwest. Mr. Fraser knows these dwellers of the forest better than most city folk know their next-door neighbors, and he introduces into his stories a vast mass of entertaining and little-known beast-lore. He explains why Umisk, the Beaver, sleeps with his tail in the water; the habits of Whiskey Jack (whose nest no man ever found); the misfortunes of the Red Widow, and how Pisew, the Lynx, went to the bad.

$3000 in Cash

To be given to 176 Persons

During this vacation you can earn $500, $250, $150, or any one of 173 other sums of money. These sums will be given to those persons who during leisure hours this summer solicit subscriptions and renewals for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. They will be given *in addition* to an extremely liberal commission to be deducted from each subscription at the time of sending. It is within the power of any one who reads this notice to earn a large sum of money, the exact amount depending entirely upon the amount of time and energy devoted to the work. No matter how little is done, something will be earned. There will be 176 persons who will receive these special cash prizes, and your name may be included among the number just as well as not. If you are interested, send a line to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST Circulation Bureau for full details.

The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia

"Thinks I, 'That child will be murdered!'

"The noise come from the kitchen and was gittin' louder every minute. When I got ter the dinin'-room door, Josiah come tearin' outer the kitchen screamin', 'It's a burglar! He's caught in the winder and he's got one er my traps on his foot! Light a lamp, quick!'

"He lit one, himself, 'fore I could do anything. Honest and true, that young one wa'n't ha'f so scart as I was. I reelly b'lieve he'd been hopin' a burglar would come so's he could have the glory of catchin' him. He went inter the kitchen with the lamp and I follered him, and there was a sight!

"Stickin' out inter the room from the winder on the back er the house was the lower ha'f of a man. The rest of him was hangin' outside the winder and the sash was down tight on his back so he couldn't git out no further. He was in his stockin' feet and Josiah's big fox-trap was clamped on to one foot, with the chain and bells a-bangin' and jinglin'. I recognized them faded plaid pants; 'twas the Seventh Son!

"He was kickin' and fightin' ter git out, but that winder-sash had caught him right in the small er the back and held him solid. He roared fer me ter put up the winder and let him out, but, thinks I, 'I'll find out what yer was up ter, old man, 'fore I help yer.'

"I went and got my keys and unlocked the kitchen door, after pullin' out the plug, and looked out. The Seventh Son was pawin' the air, and when he see me, he told me ter come and help him out or he'd break my neck. I didn't pay no attention, fer, under the winder where he'd throwed 'em, I see his shoes and hat and a bundle. I went over and picked up the bundle and brought it in and opened it. The fust thing that fell out was my silver teaspoons.

"Them teaspoons was give ter me when I was married, and I wa'n't pleased ter see 'em so nigh ter bein' stole by a Seventh Son; so I didn't think no more about settin' him loose; fact is, I was thinkin' how I could keep him where he was. Just then A'nt Tabby and Uncle Elkanah come down, and when A'nt Tabby see the Seventh Son stuck in the winder and the bag er plunder on the table, down she flops in a swoon.

"Then, ter help things along, Uncle Elkanah, who 'tween his palsy and the scare was shakin' so he fairly rattled the winders, got his hand inter a sheet of sticky fly-paper on the table. Tryin' ter git it off that hand he got it on the other; then he got his long whiskers into it, and then, dancin' round so, he stuck his poor old bare foot inter one er Josiah's muskrat traps.

"I thought I should go ravin' distracted! The Seventh Son was kickin' frightful and sweurin' at the top of his lungs. Sich language I never heard before ner sense. Uncle Elkanah was rollin' 'round the floor, all stuck up with fly-paper, hollerin', 'Take him off! Take him off!' havin' some kind er crazy notion that the trap was a dog that had holt of him. A'nt Tabby had swooned, and, take it all tergether, it beat my time.

"But Josiah, he was cool as could be, fer all I could see he was blazin' with excitement. 'That feller's kickin' so he'll git out,' he says, pointin' ter the Seventh Son; 'hold on a minute and I'll lassoo him.' Then he went and got a rope he called his lassoo. It had a slip-knot in it, and what does that young one do but git the slip-knot around the Seventh Son's shanks, and haul tight.

"The Seventh Son, he roared and raved louder'n ever and kep' haulin' up his laigs like a frog swimmin', but, fast as he hauled 'em up, Josiah'd haul 'em straight again. And then, thank goodness, Eben Baker and some er the neighbors come in, and they carried the Seventh Son off ter the lockup.

"The rascal had crep' downstairs from his room, and filled his bundle with all the stealable things in the house, and then, 'cause he couldn't open the doors, had tried ter git out the kitchen winder. This is an old house, and when yer want ter keep a winder open yer have ter prop it up with a stick. He done that, but he knocked the stick out climbin' through and the sash come down and ketched him jest right.

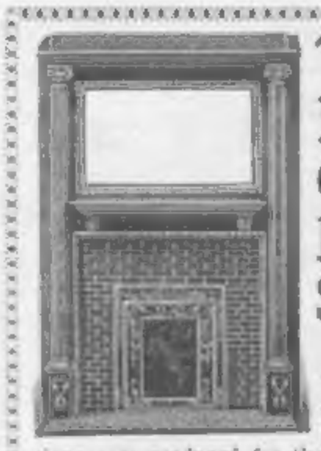
"A'nt Tabby come out of her swoon purty quick, and I wished yer'd seen the time we had with Uncle Elkanah. His whiskers was all tangled up in the fly-paper and it pulled dreadful gittin' 'em free. His toes was sore, and his head was so muddled up that he ain't quite right yit, I b'lieve."

Mrs. Ellis paused, and I wiped away the tears of laughter from my cheeks.

"What became of the Seventh Son?" I inquired.

"Oh, he got five years!" was the answer. "And Josiah was so puffed up because 'twas his notions that ketched him, that he haint got over it, even now. That's why I have ter dust him once in a while, same 's I was doin' this mornin'."

—"that young one wa'n't ha'f so scart as I was"



The Mantel Question Easily Settled

WHEN you see in our new catalogue sixty-five of the most artistic designs ever produced for the money, embracing all the latest things in modern mantel architecture. We sell direct to the consumer at manufacturer's prices and

We Pay the Freight

Send for our little book. "How" tells all about how to select and arrange everything belonging to the fireplace, *free*.

KING MANTEL COMPANY
619 Gay Street, Knoxville, Tenn.

B. Eldredge AUTOMATIC

The Best All-Around Family Sewing Machine Made.

Easy Running, High Speed, Simple and Silent.

SOLD AT A REASONABLE PRICE AND FULLY GUARANTEED.

Send for Circular.

NATIONAL SEWING MACHINE CO.
BELVIDERE, ILL.

Chicago House, 49 JACKSON BOULEVARD. New York House, 93 READE STREET.

THE "BEST"
Incandescent Vapor Gas Lamp
Brighter than Sterlettic or Gasoline and Cheaper than Kerosene

Makes and burns its own gas. It is portable. Requires no pipes, wires or gas machine. A safe, pure white, powerful, steady light. 100 candle power costs 2 cts. for 15 hours. Approved by Fire Insurance Underwriters. No wicks to trim, no smoke or smell. No chimneys to clean. Saving effected by its use quickly pays for it. Great variety of Fixtures for indoor and outdoor use. This is the Pioneer Incandescent Vapor Gas Lamp. It is perfect. Beware of imitations. Agents wanted everywhere. Every lamp warranted. THE BEST LIGHT CO. 5-25 East Fifth Street, Canton, Ohio

How Can I Earn Money?

A pamphlet by Jay Wilson. Tells how to think about the question; how to know about it; how to go about it. Tells of new employments. It is for everybody. Price 10 cts., postpaid. AIM PUBLISHING COMPANY, 709 Drexel Building, Philadelphia.

ADAMS' Nomatch Self-Lighting Gas Lighter

Lights any kind of Gas Burner, except Acetylene, without Matches.

Reduces Fire Risks Not Electric

The greatest comfort, convenience and safety. Welsbach Lighters, 20c. each. Regular Gas Burner Lighter, 25c.

Write for pamphlet about this little wonder.

THOS. ADAMS, JR., & SONS
108 and 104 Flatbush Ave., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

"GLACIER." WHAT IS IT? A perfect substitute for **finest stained glass** for churches, houses, stores, etc.; easily affixed. McCAW, STEVENSON & ORR, Belfast, Ireland. Agency 11 South William St., New York. Catalogue free.

Literary Folk — Their Ways and Their Work

READERS of No. 5 John Street were alarmed to hear last spring that Mr. Richard Whiteing was suffering from a sharp attack of double pneumonia. Now that he is out of danger the way he fell ill is worth telling, illustrating as it does his unfailing energy in getting to the bottom of everything about which he means to write. His next novel is to treat of country life in much the same searching manner in which his last book discussed the London slums, and in order to obtain the necessary local color Mr. Whiteing took up his abode in an ordinary workman's cottage in a pretty little village known as Challont St. Giles, in Hertfordshire. Here the bad food and bad drainage alike combined to make him fall ill, and a chill soon brought on pneumonia. Fortunately his friends managed to move him up to his London house, where a constant stream of anxious callers testified to his universal popularity. It is a comment on the way in which the English agricultural laborer lives that one should be able to escape unhurt from a sojourn in the East End of London and yet fall a victim to worse dangers in the country—a comment that will, no doubt, be made in Mr. Whiteing's new book when he is well enough to write it. At present he is only well enough to grumble at his forced inaction.

An amusing little incident told of him the other day, when his illness was almost at its height, illustrates his aptitude for turning a neat phrase at all times. Referring to one of the admirable nurses who have helped him to recovery without letting him have a glimpse of any personality beyond that of their calling, he remarked that she had "achieved an artistic perfection in being a nobody."

Mrs. Bigelow's Friday Afternoons

Mr. and Mrs. Poultney Bigelow not only make their house a rendezvous for young Americans who come to London, and who would find it a lonely place except for Mrs. Bigelow's Friday afternoons, but they also fill it with interesting and distinguished English folk. They are patriotic Americans, yet when the news came to London of the relief of Ladysmith the British flag was hung out so promptly in front of their house that some of the neighbors came in afterward to inquire whether they had had special news. The Bigelows' flag announced the tidings to the street before the extra editions of the newspapers.

Although Mrs. Bigelow is said to have a novel or so up her sleeve she is better known as a personality than as a writer. In literary circles she has the reputation of being one of the wittiest women in London. A short time ago she was staying in a country house with a typically British party. For two days she sparkled on. One of the guests tried a little word-fencing with Mrs. Bigelow but found himself no match for the repartee which came with such lightning-like rapidity. Finally he confessed to his hostess: "She's the most amusing woman I have ever seen, but, if American women are all like that, country houses ought to be arranged with placards of 'Silence' hung in certain rooms where the men could take to cover."

The Best Company of London

There may be houses in London where you will meet more distinguished literary men and women than at Lady Jeune's; others where you would find more powerful members of the Government; others, perhaps, where you might count on seeing more painters, or sculptors, or distinguished soldiers, or actors and actresses, or playwrights, or scientists, or celebrated travelers, or smart people and dukes and duchesses. But it is probable that the spacious old house in Harley Street where Sir Francis and Lady Jeune live, which receives into its hospitable doors some of all these classes, holds better company than any other house of the present time.

Lady Jeune's list of acquaintances is simply enormous; you can find a good part of it by looking through Who's Who, although that is not enough. Lady Jeune's theory is not the one so often held that one must choose and pick among one's acquaintances to find congenial spirits. Any one who is her guest is expected to be able to meet and to talk with any other guest. So the literary man does not talk shop with other literary men, but broadens his views.

Lady Jeune may not be called the busiest woman in London, but it is because she never seems in a hurry—not even if she has written an article after breakfast, has been to the East End to distribute relief to soldiers' wives and widows in Hackney, looked in on Sir Thomas Lipton's model restaurant for the poor in Commercial Road, has had a luncheon party in Harley Street, has attended a meeting of the executive council of the Women's Exhibition at Earl's Court, has paid three visits and is preparing to dine out, go to the theatre and then on to two parties. That would be an average day in the season. The next day would be quite different but just as busy.

Mr. Morrison's East End Studies

Mr. Arthur Morrison is not, perhaps, quite so well known in America as he is in England. But if, in London, you ask any literary person who has done "the real thing" about the slums of the East End he will answer instantly, "Morrison."

Recently, with much ceremony and the presence of the Prince of Wales, a large block of model dwellings was opened on the site of what used to be the worst slums in Shoreditch, and the Prince and all the other speakers spoke of the spot as "the Jago," and referred to Mr. Morrison's A Child of the Jago as the almost classic record of what the horrors of slum life might be. Indeed, the new model dwellings were exactly on the site of the district which was accurately depicted in that novel.

People who like the author's life to correspond in some way to the matter of his books may expect to hear that Mr. Morrison still prowls about the slums. If he does so nowadays it is surely only in search of antique furniture shops. He lives in the little village of Loughton and his walks are in the Epping Forest. He will talk to the visitor of life in London, if the visitor wishes, but he would much rather have as a topic his special hobby, Japanese art. Let Mr. Morrison start on the subject of Japanese painters and he will carry you from luncheon through teatime up to dinner, illustrating what he says by showing you his superb collection, one of the finest owned by any private individual in the world. The collection is constantly growing; its owner has an agent in Tokyo, and he knows every dealer in England.

He also knows every furniture dealer in London. But a small house forbids one's constantly buying furniture, and when Mr. Morrison discovers a fine piece which cannot go in the house at Loughton he gives some friend of his a tip. As with all collectors, the pleasure of discovering treasures is with him almost as great as that of owning them.

The mania for collecting is infectious. Mrs. Morrison collects Japanese embroideries, and little Master Morrison, aged something like eight or nine, has also his own special, though rather miscellaneous, Japanese collection.

Mr. Morrison's next novel, which is the result of long and careful study, will be a picture of life in a small Essex village forty years ago. The chief character is a local wizard. This person really existed and was feared by all the countryside. Mr. Morrison has come into possession of all his papers, journals, etc. The book will be a most curious one.

The Commodore's Discomfiture

Arthur Brentano, the publisher and bibliophile of New York and Paris, is an enthusiastic lover of aquatic sports. He was one of the founders of the American Canoe Association, and for a long time was Commodore of the Knickerbocker Canoe Club.

"My election to this high maritime office," says Mr. Brentano, "was of great practical utility because it induced me to learn how to swim. We were camping out at Canoe Island, Lake George, and agreed to attend some races to be held four miles away. Bright and early on the appointed day the fleet started. As I was Commodore I thought a single mast and sail were unworthy the dignity of my office and indulged in the unfamiliar rig of two masts and sails. I was dressed with great care for the occasion, and, as the wind was not favorable, I ballasted my craft with some boulders I picked up on the beach. I started a thing of beauty, but before I had gone a mile there came a wind which jammed the boom into the side of the canoe and threw the boat upon her beam ends. I went gracefully, though involuntarily, into the water and found that my feet had become entangled in the rigging. I worked myself loose and managed to get a good hold upon the side of the canoe. It was impossible to right the boat, so I tried to propel it by vigorous kicking. This proving too laborious I removed piece by piece most of my clothing and of course lost them. Finally, to my shame, I was rescued by some friends who had seen my predicament afar off and had come after me in a plebeian scow. As we reached shore I saw a number of young ladies who had come from the various fashionable hotels to witness the race. After many difficulties I secured a coat made for a man twice my width and a pair of trousers of another who was six feet tall. I made my toilet by rolling up the legs of the latter and by folding over the front breadths of the former. When I stepped ashore my reception was unique. The men cheered me and the young women, first preserving a polite silence, broke out into unpleasant laughter. The climax was reached when a late arrival, after looking at me critically, remarked, 'What an extraordinarily picturesque tramp!' The next day I took my first swimming lesson."

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.

Folding Pocket Kodaks have achromatic lenses, automatic shutters, are made of aluminum and load in daylight. $10.00 to $17.50.

Eastman Kodak Co.
Rochester, N. Y.

Catalogues free at the dealers' or by mail.

STUDY AT HOME.
A FEW HOURS' EVENING STUDY NOW WILL INCREASE YOUR EARNING-POWER FOR LIFE.
Technical Education by Mail.
(Steam, Electrical or Mechanical Engineering.)
Write for Handbook "I" and special terms.
American School of Correspondence, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

Surveying

Is one way to a successful career as a Civil Engineer. Mechanical and Architectural Drafting are stepping stones to paying professions. Busy men can prepare by our method of teaching by mail to

Take a Better Position

No interruption of work. No loss of salary. Courses in Bridge, Steam, Electrical or Civil Engineering, Architectural or Mechanical Drafting, Architecture, Book-keeping, Shorthand, English Branches.

THE INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 1171, Scranton, Pa.

A limited number of Ivory-finished Tivoli reproductions of the

Venus de Milo

From the Palermo Marble Company's stock.
Statuettes 14 in. high, including pedestal. An example of this famous marble that appeals to the refined lovers of the beautiful. Express prepaid and insured against breakage, $2.00. *Makes an elegant birthday or bridal present.*
IVAN STEPHENS, Basic City, Va.

WE GUARANTEE TO TEACH
Shorthand $10. Money Refunded if Dissatisfied
Thoroughly by Mail, for
Send stamp for booklet or 25c. for beginner's book. Agents Wanted.
HENRY KEMPSTER FORT, *Expert Reporter, Principal*
Correspondence Shorthand School, 453 Bourse, Philadelphia

LEARN PROOFREADING

If you possess a fair education, why not utilize it at a genteel and uncrowded profession paying $15 to $35 weekly? Situations always obtainable. We are the original instructors by mail.
HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, Philadelphia

LEARN TELEGRAPHY

University Preparatory School. Special preparation for Cornell University. Certificate accepted. Boarding and Day departments. COMPLETE HOME. Summer term from July 10 to September 18. Fall term opens September 27.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue.
CHAS. A. STILES, B.S., Head Master, Avenue E, Ithaca, N. Y.

BRADLEY Platinum Paper

For sale by dealers everywhere, or by mail direct. Sample picture for stamp.
The Paper on which Photographic Masterpieces are made.
JOHN BRADLEY, 67 N. 13th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

"Beacon Hill Prints"

Sichel Madonna Detail.

Genuine platinum reproductions of standard and popular subjects; 8 x 10 size on 11 x 14 mount, sent to any address on receipt of 50 cents, together with our illustrated catalogue.

Catalogue Only 10 Cents

Celebrity Photo and Art Company

256 Boylston Street, Boston

The Saturday Evening Post

The Fourth of July Double Number of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, issued next week, will contain thirty-two pages and have the usual monthly colored cover.

Some of the authors in the Independence Day Number will be:

EX-SENATOR J. J. INGALLS

Poverty No Bar to Public Life: A practical paper on the compensations and responsibilities of a political career.

BRET HARTE

Stories Three: The first of Mr. Harte's condensed novels purporting to be written by R—DY—D K—PL—G.

H. N. HIGINBOTHAM

Tales of the Credit Man: The second of the great Chicago merchant's notable papers.

IAN MACLAREN

The Tournament: The second of Dr. Watson's stories, under the general title Young Barbarians.

JOHN HABBERTON

Great George's Work: A Southern story of a war-time Fourth.

ELIZABETH STODDARD

Literary Folk as They Came and Went With Ourselves: Personal recollections of the poets and prosers of the fifties.

W. L. ALDEN

The Swiss Fleet: A Central American extravaganza for summer reading.

HAMLIN GARLAND

The Eagle's Heart: The third installment of this fascinating tale of Western life.

Of All Newsmen June 28

Price, Five Cents the copy.
$2.50 the year by subscription.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

Oddities and Novelties of Every-Day Science

The Lost Sense of Direction

That civilized man has lost a sixth sense, which his remote and savage ancestors possessed, is the recently published theory of a French scientist named Reynaud. It is the sense of direction—the faculty which enables animals to find their way—and it is located, according to this authority, in the semi-circular canals of the inner ear. These are three little passages, found in man and other vertebrates, which are filled with a fluid called endolymph. Any injury done to their structure by accident or disease, as has been proved by many experiments, impairs the power. They have nothing whatever to do with hearing, but are "associated with equilibrium," and to "furnish images of movement and displacement in space."

Thanks to this organ, animals are able to retrace, with an accuracy that seems marvelous, routes over which they have once passed. The lost dog goes back invariably to the place where it last saw its master. The horse, in like manner, when the reins are loosed on its neck, finds its way to the stable with the constancy of the magnetic needle turning to the pole. A pigeon, carried by rail in a closed basket for hundreds of miles, and then liberated, will go back to the starting point, not by the shortest path, but following the line of the railroad. The same swallows come every year to the same nests.

When the time for departure comes, migratory birds of the same species inhabiting the same region come together for the journey, and those which have already made the voyage take the lead, retracing the path by which they came a few months before. The young ones follow. In the same way migrations of fishes are accomplished, and knowledge of the routes invariably pursued by the finny schools is of very practical value to the fishermen. Cormorants and other fishing birds follow for months the tracks of the migratory fishes, and know how to get back to their homes when the fishing is over. Like the fish and the quadruped, the bird returns to the same point by the same route.

The animal, whether aquatic, aerial or terrestrial, according to Doctor Reynaud's theory, "carries the way back with it." Nor, in his opinion, is man without a remnant of this interesting sixth sense, which, he asserts, is found in a greater or less degree in many savages. But it is not properly to be regarded as a phase of intelligence, being most highly developed in those races which are lowest in the scale of humanity.

The Age of Portable Novelties

This is an age of portable conveniences, in which a man is able to carry with him, in condensed form, his house, his boat, his food supplies for a long period, or what not. Even steamboats and bridges are turned out in sections, so as to be easily transported. But the latest invention in this line is a complete photographic dark room, which is collapsible, so that one may pack it in small compass and conveniently carry it in one hand by a strap when one goes traveling.

This contrivance, which has been newly patented by two citizens of Wisconsin, enables a photographer to develop and finish pictures outdoors or wherever he may happen to be. All he has to do is to unfold the apparatus and get inside of it, and immediately he has a dark room complete in all respects for his work. It is provided with every necessary convenience, having a window of ruby glass, a light-tight receptacle for the temporary storage of undeveloped plates, a developer-tray suspended by hooks, and a "hypo" tray similarly secured. In short, the device is excellently adapted to supplement the portable camera, enabling the amateur to carry with him a complete and businesslike outfit for the production of photographs from start to finish.

Meanwhile, an ingenious citizen of Washington, D. C., has succeeded in reducing the ever-necessary typewriter to a size that fits the pocket. By an ingenious arrangement of types, the tiny machine is able to print 324 different letters and symbols, so that, when desired, it can be made to record shorthand, as well as longhand, characters. Provided with one of these little instruments, the stenographer will find his work vastly facilitated, and the beginner in the art will be relieved to a great extent of what hitherto has been his main trouble—namely, the difficulty of deciphering his own notes.

The Government and the Lobster

Congress has just appropriated the sum of $7000 to pay for an investigation of the lobster. The trouble with him is that he is getting scarcer and scarcer every year, and, unless something is done about it, it is obvious that he will soon become practically extinct, so far as any commercial usefulness on his part is concerned. What the Government wants to know is the reason why lobsters are diminishing in numbers, and what measures may be taken to put a stop to the mischief.

It is extremely fortunate that means have been found for augmenting the lobster tribe by artificial breeding, though as yet it is too soon to decide how far this plan is likely to be successful in maintaining or increasing the species numerically, inasmuch as the hatching of young lobsters by the incubator method has been conducted on a large scale for only six years, and sufficient time has not elapsed to give the work a chance to show marked results. Nevertheless, it seems to be telling, for fishermen along the New England coast declare that they have never seen so many small lobsters, five or six inches long, as are now being taken in their traps.

During the last five years more than five hundred million baby lobsters were hatched by the Fish Commission and "planted" in New England waters.

The cost of hatching and planting one hundred million young lobsters is about $10,000. Regular market prices are paid for the brood females to the fishermen, who are forbidden by law to sell the animals to ordinary purchasers when in that condition. However, the fishermen, who are not usually restrained by legal regulations on such subjects, readily convert the breeding lobsters into marketable ones by scraping the eggs off the swimmerets with a spoon or a woolen mitten. The egg-bearing females, when stripped by the Fish Commission people, are returned by them to the sea, thus doubly aiding the fishery.

Luckily, it is the easiest thing in the world to hatch lobsters. The eggs, taken from the swimmerets of the mother, can be incubated in an ordinary glass jar full of sea-water, if the latter is kept fresh. A better method is adopted by the Fish Commission, and it is one of extreme simplicity. The loss in hatching, too, is very small, inasmuch as the eggs are not easily injured, and every one of them is already fertilized. They do not have to be impregnated artificially, as do shad eggs. The one hundred and nine million infant lobsters contributed to the vasty deep last summer were obtained from only one hundred and twenty-two million eggs—a loss of less than ten per cent.

If young lobsters could be kept in captivity for only a few weeks after hatching, as is done with many fishes that are artificially incubated, such as the shad, the coastal waters of the United States might soon be made to swarm with these useful animals. Unhappily, no way of accomplishing this has been found as yet. The baby crustaceans are scarcely forty-eight hours old before they begin to eat each other, and no amount of toothsome provender supplied to them will persuade them to restrain their cannibalistic propensity. Also, they are attacked by epidemics which carry them off by wholesale. Consequently, it is necessary to dump them into the ocean shallows when they are only a day old and leave them to take care of themselves.

Saves the Most Time

Lasts the Longest Time

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT
327 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

"Business System"

Is the title of our 64-page book, *illustrating and explaining* model business methods used by our largest and most successful business houses—it is free upon request.

A TRIAL OUTFIT
$1.25
Express Prepaid

Cash with order buys this complete

Macey

Card System

Shipped "On Approval," *freight prepaid*, to be returned *at our expense* if not found in every way positively the *best obtainable*.

Ask for book No. "R-4."

The Fred Macey Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Makers of Office and Library Furniture

New Hat 3c

HAT BLEACH cleans straw hats in 5 minutes. Makes an old hat look as good as new without injuring the straw or thread. The original. Take no substitute. Price per box (cleans 6 hats), 25c, postpaid.
Agents wanted.
HAT BLEACH CO.
20 E. Market St., Xenia, O.

Why doesn't Jones get down to business methods and buy an AMERICAN TYPEWRITER for $10? Does he think I am running a puzzle department?

THE AMERICAN $10 TYPEWRITER

Is as well made as the highest-priced machines, but more simple. It has stood the test: seven years without a competitor.
Catalog and sample of work free.
AMERICAN TYPEWRITER CO.
D 265 Broadway, New York

TYPEWRITERS. All Makes

Machines in Mfr's prices. RENTED ANYWHERE, allowing rental to apply. Write for catalogue. Typewriter Emporium, 209 La Salle St., Chicago.

Bright Shoes. Clean Fingers

Gilbert's "Bother Top" Polish Box

GILBERT'S BOTHER TOP POLISH BOX.

Does away with the unpleasant part of polishing shoes. Why use your fingers or a soiled cloth when the Patent Dauber, clean and handy, takes the place of both? It costs you no more than the ordinary box. If your dealer hasn't it, ask him to send for it, or you can send yourself. Price, 10 cents, postpaid.

E. T. GILBERT MFG. CO., 18 Elm Street, Rochester, N. Y.

A HERO of the NORTH-WEST

St. Antipas Church, to which Mah-dwa-go-nent and his tribe went in a body

The late Bishop Gilbert at his Idaho ranch

FROM the hour when he was obliged to leave Hobart College, stricken with a hemorrhage of the lungs, through all the years until, but a short time since, he yielded to a third attack of pneumonia, Bishop Mahlon N. Gilbert, coadjutor with Bishop Whipple of the diocese of Minnesota, had fought out many a hand-to-hand battle with death.

Years ago, when but just out of divinity halls, he was given a charge by Bishop Tuttle, his lifelong friend. It was the most difficult field in the West. Young Gilbert was the only minister of his faith in all the western half of a great territory. In the town of Deer Lodge, Montana, his headquarters, comprising some six hundred souls, he had at the beginning of his work but two communicants. It was from this town that he went upon mission tours throughout the region. He determined to build a church. Walking into the local bank one day, he said to one of the officials:

"I want two thousand dollars, without any indorsement, to be paid back some time in the future."

The banker looked at the young rector a moment, and then without a sign of further hesitation he said:

"You can have it! Any man that's got nerve enough to ask such a thing deserves to have it, and you shall have it without interest."

A very profitable church fair, held later, was liberally patronized, and soon after the proudest man in Montana, as he afterward said, marched into the bank and laid down the two thousand dollars in coin and currency.

The Bishop and the Gamblers In those days gamblers of the old school were numerous. They were gamblers to the core, in so far as the sin of gaming, but most of them played on the square and kept their pledges man to man. They knew the young rector for a manly man who hit out from the shoulder without mercy but who never struck below the belt. They were very much interested in the progress of the new church, and finally one of their number, delegated by the rest, handed the rector eighteen hundred dollars "for the new gospel mill."

The rector accepted the gift in the spirit in which it was proffered.

For a year after he began work in Montana he never saw a brother minister. Later, when he went to Helena to preach, the frontier was fast beginning to lose somewhat of its roughness.

A few days before Mr. Gilbert left Butte for Helena—he had for some time been stationed in Butte—a rough-looking man came up to him on the street and handed him two hundred and fifty dollars.

"Where did you get that?"

"Well," he replied, "this is the way it was. I knew you were going away, so I went down to one of the houses and I said to the boys, 'Boys, parson is going away to see his gal.' 'What parson is that?' asked one of the boys. 'Parson Gilbert,' I said. Well, sir, he just reached out, wiped the stakes off the board and said, 'Here, take that; he married me, and he did me the best turn I ever had.' That's how I got the money."

A heavy sea was running on one of the large lakes in the wilderness of northern Minnesota. Bishop Gilbert—for this was after his consecration and when he had taken up the mission work, so long followed by Bishop Whipple—had come hundreds of miles through the forest on his tour of the reservations, and had promised to be on the farther side of this lake on the following day to confirm a large class of Chippewa Indian converts.

An Object-Lesson in Faith Two silent Indians stood by his side and with them was another white man, a member of the party. The Indians looked out on the lake, too, and said through the interpreter: They would not attempt to cross the lake in their birch bark canoe in such a storm; it was death to do it.

The Bishop, through the interpreter, used all manner of arguments for a long time in vain, but when, at last, he told them he must go whether they did or not, something in the indomitable will of the man conquered the Indian in them and they set out. The Indians bent to their work. They spoke no word of any sort during the entire night, for the canoe was tossed on the waves, a cockle shell, from the hour of starting until the next morning.

It was a miracle, as I think the Bishop was willing to own, that the canoe was not swamped, and, indeed, he afterward said that, long before the gray dawn came, he had given up all hope. As soon as they were safely ashore and the confirmation services were about to begin one of the Indians asked that he might be confirmed, too. He wished to own allegiance to the Great Spirit of such a man, a Great Spirit that would hold him in safety through such a storm.

Once when the Bishop was engaged in a tour of the reservations a curious incident occurred. An entire nation, perhaps the first time in the history of the Christian church, came into the church in a body. The chief of the tribe, or nation, as it really was, Mah-dwa-go-nent, "The Man who Stands before his People," had absolute control over the tribe. He had been listening to the voices in the tops of the great pines, telling him he should accept the white man's God. None of his people would unite with any church without him. He decided one day it was his duty to follow the voices; so, together with all the tribe, men, women and children, they came to the Bishop for confirmation.

The Bishop's Life of Adventure During the tours of the forest regions of Minnesota the Bishop was exposed to dangers and to hardship. He traveled hundreds of miles in canoes, for there are elaborate chains of lakes and rivers in the region, the canoe journey often broken by portaging, when, should the region be swampy, the Bishop not infrequently was carried on the broad back of an Indian guide. Should it be in the fishing season he would have his trustiest tackle along, for no man was fonder of the catching of trout. In some of the northern streams the trout grow to prodigious size, and the Bishop was as deft above the laughing face of a swift brown stream in the forest as he was when he made a cast across the pews of the costliest church.

Some years ago Bishop Gilbert was enabled to buy a small ranch in Idaho, and here he enjoyed to the utmost the freedom and the activities of an out-of-door life, a life which, as a foil to his intense ecclesiastical life, strongly appealed to him.

THE PERPETUAL LEDGER

The Greatest Time-Saver Ever Invented
Dispenses with All Useless Books of Record
"More Work — Less Time"

The "Perpetual Ledger System" requires no change from methods of handling accounts now in use. The good features of the plan you now employ may be retained. We do not change your methods, *you* simply adopt *our* advantages. It is adapted for any line of mercantile or banking business, and is now employed by representative concerns in every conceivable trade; individual and general ledgers; sales, purchase and private ledgers; trial-balance books, cost and price books, pay-rolls, inventory books, etc. Leaves are made any size and with any desired ruling.

B-V

HOLDS THE LEAVES IN A VISELIKE GRIP.

We have 60 experts covering the entire United States, and within 30 days our representatives can call on you, no matter where you are located, thoroughly explain our methods, and can prove to you our ability to so systematize and simplify your business that you will be in closer touch than ever with both credit and debit side.

Correspondence solicited.

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY
1102 Chamber of Commerce, Chicago

A LEAF CAN BE REMOVED WITH EASE.

GEO. B. CARPENTER & CO.
ESTABLISHED 1840.

Makers of Camping Tents

Yacht Sails and Flags
Marine Hardware and Supplies
Camp Furniture, Yankee Cots
Cooking Kits

Send 6c in Stamps for Special Catalogue

200-208 South Water Street, Chicago

WHEATLET Is a Dish for the Dainty, the Robust, the Dyspeptic, the Hungry—for all appetites and conditions. It is the peerless item of a good breakfast—and there is no substitute. *Sold by All Grocers.*

Manufactured by THE FRANKLIN MILLS CO., Lockport, N. Y.

One Night to Denver

CHICAGO-UNION PACIFIC & NORTH-WESTERN LINE

COLORADO SPECIAL leaves Chicago 10 every morning, arriving Denver 1.20 next afternoon and Colorado Springs and Manitou same evening. No change of cars; all meals in dining cars. Another fast train at 10.30 p. m. daily. All agents sell tickets via Chicago & North-Western Ry. New book—Colorado Illustrated—mailed on receipt of four cents postage by W. B. Kniskern, G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

The Automatic-Combination REEL

The Little Finger Does It

Free-running and Automatic Interchangeable

IT helps to catch and land 'em. The longest official cast ever made was with our Automatic Reel. The 1900 Aluminum Model, light, durable and non-corrosive, strong, simple. You govern the play and the run of the fish unconsciously and automatically.

NEVER ANY SLACK LINE

Send for Catalogue, Dept. P,

YAWMAN & ERBE MFG. CO., Rochester, N. Y.

AMERICA'S SUMMER RESORTS

Are described and shown on a map in No. 3 of the New York Central's "FOUR-TRACK SERIES," just out. A very convenient thing to refer to if you contemplate a trip to some resort.

A copy will be sent free on receipt of a one-cent stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton Ry.
FOUR DAILY TRAINS
CINCINNATI to CHICAGO
"Over the Monon"
Leave CINCINNATI, 9.20 A. M., 8.30 A. M., 12.20 Noon, 8.45 P. M.
Arrive CHICAGO, 12.00 Noon, 5.55 P. M., 8.40 P. M., 7.33 A. M.

STARK TREES PAY BEST by Test—74 Years. Largest Nursery. Fruit Book free. We Cash Weekly and want More HOME and traveling salesmen.
STARK BROS., Louisiana, Mo.; Dansville, N. Y.